

Calling All GIRLS

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May 1943

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WHEN CARROLL WAS A LITTLE GIRL IN SOUTH CAROLINA...



A FEW YEARS LATER, WHEN CARROLL HAD BEGUN TO PLAY A REAL VIOLIN...



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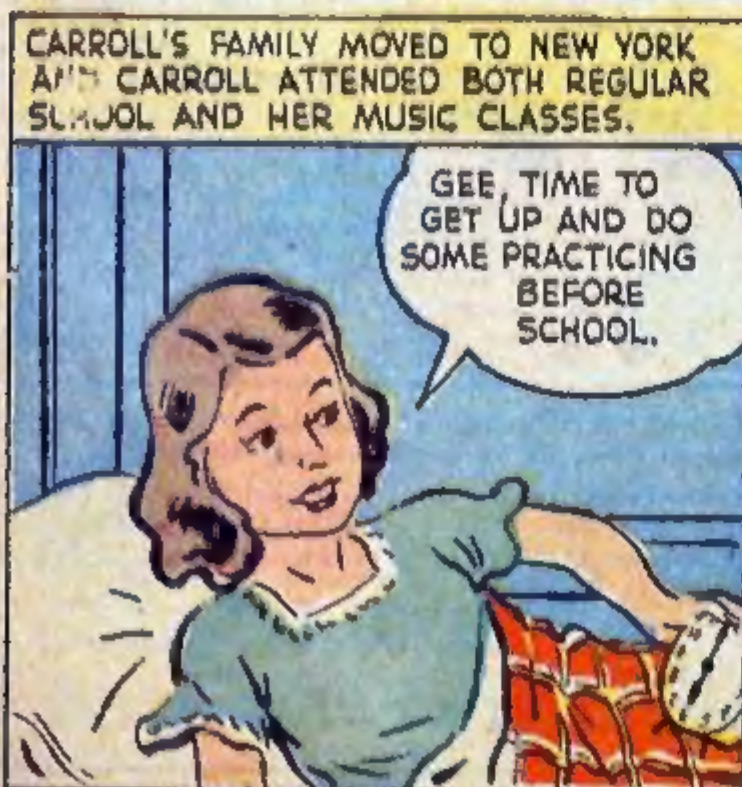
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YOU'RE THE FIRST PERSON IN THIS COUNTRY TO WIN ALL FOUR MUSIC AWARDS OFFERED IN OPEN COMPETITION.

MY FIVE HOURS OF PRACTICE A DAY DID PAY, MOTHER!



AND I HEAR THERE'S TO BE A SURPRISE FOR ME IN SCHOOL TOMORROW!

THE NEXT DAY...

BECAUSE YOU ARE OUR MOST PROMISING STUDENT, WE WANT TO LEND YOU THIS VIOLIN. IT BELONGED TO THE GREAT VIOLINIST, KOCHANSKI, AND IS WORTH \$30,000.



CARROLL HOPEFULLY SET OUT TO TRY TO GET CONCERT BOOKINGS.

WE CAN'T USE YOU, GIRL VIOLINISTS ARE A DRUG ON THE MARKET.



NO.

YOU'RE A CONCERT MANAGER, MISS HALMANS, SO YOU MUST KNOW HOW I FEEL.

YES, I'M A WOMAN, TOO, AND I'LL TAKE A CHANCE ON YOU. I WANT YOU TO MEET DR. STOCK OF THE CHICAGO SYMPHONY.





AFTER HER FIRST SYMPHONY CONCERT...



CRITICS RAVED ABOUT CARROLL'S PLAYING...



SUCCESS PILED ON SUCCESS. CARROLL SCHEDULED 40 CONCERTS FOR THIS WINTER. ON THE NIGHT BEFORE SHE WAS TO LEAVE FOR A CONCERT IN CLEVELAND...

CARROLL! HURRY! THE BUILDING'S ON FIRE!

GET MY VIOLIN. IT'S RIGHT OUTSIDE THE BEDROOM DOOR.



WE'LL BE TRAPPED.

HERE, FRANZL. I'LL HAVE TO CARRY YOU, TOO.

WELL, YOU DID GET YOUR VIOLIN AND DOG OUT. I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU MADE IT ON THESE ICY STEPS!

COME THIS WAY TO THE FIRE ESCAPE. DROP THAT BOY, MISS, AND SAVE YOURSELF!



THANK GOODNESS WE'RE ALL SAFE.

BUT EVERYTHING IS LOST—MUSIC, PIANO, TICKET TO CLEVELAND, CLOTHES—EVEN MY FIRST HALF-SIZE VIOLIN.



MAYBE SOMEONE CAN LEND YOU SOMETHING FOR THE CONCERT, IF ANYONE ELSE WEARS SIZE TEN!

UNDAUNTED BY HER EXPERIENCE, SHE BORROWED CLOTHES AND KEPT THREE DATES WITH THE CLEVELAND SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA DIRECTED BY ARTUR RODZINSKI.



AND SO CARROLL GOES ON TO A FUTURE WHICH HOLDS GREAT THINGS FOR HER.

FRESHMAN BITES SOPH

Webster says that "sophomore" is from the Greek for "wise fool." The sophs were wise, but could they be fooled?

By JOHN SCOTT DOUGLAS
Author and Adventurer



She found Doggy staring mournfully at the crowd milling around the booths.

WHEN Mardee Dart stepped through the main entrance of Walport High School, she immediately sensed trouble. The boy handling tickets for the Freshman Mix was squirming uncomfortably on his seat as he talked to seven indignant freshmen. Doggy Gowan, treasurer of the class, appeared to be siding with the ticket seller. But he did not seem to be successful in pacifying his classmates, for he was tugging at his colorful tie and stroking his sleek black hair nervously.

The haggard light left Doggy's eyes when he saw Mardee, and he hurried over to speak to her.

"The sophomores have put it over on us again!" he whispered, indicating two posters which hung side by side on the wall behind the ticket seller.

Mardee gave the first one no

more than a fleeting glance. It had hung there all week, and announced the Freshman Mix on Friday. A quarter would entitle ticket holders to the Mix and to games, entertainment, and refreshments.

But the second poster was new. It announced a Sophomore Frolic to be held in the girls' gym at the same time that the Freshman Mix was being held in the boys' gym. The sophomores also offered games, entertainment, ice cream, and cake. It was the large last line at the bottom of the soph's poster, however, which caused Mardee's heart to falter. It read, "NO ADMISSION CHARGE."

"How could the sophs choose the same day we'd picked?" she gasped. "Our class adviser was positive there was no other school event to be held on April sixteenth."

"Not when we set the date, there wasn't," lamented Doggy. "But Miss Beecher didn't list the Mix with the office until three days later."

"You mean that during those three days Mickey Calvert found out that we were to hold a party on the sixteenth?"

"He must have," said Doggy. "Remember the sophomores had a meeting two days after we held our meeting to set the date for our Mix? Well, just after that meeting they had the office list the sixteenth as the date of their Frolic."

"I suppose Mickey Calvert picked that day to put the damper on our party?"

Doggy nodded unhappily.

"But why would the vice-principal permit two events on the same day?"

"He said that Miss Beecher insisted upon the sixteenth because our class had made its plans for that day. But he couldn't change the date of the Frolic, because he had given the sophs permission to hold their party that day. Guess he thought the conflict in dates didn't matter much, upper-

classmen seldom come to freshman and sophomore parties."

"But a free party," said Mardee, "is different."

"That's what leaves me slightly dazed," said Doggy soberly. "The frosh and sophs are neck-and-neck in the race to build up their class treasuries. And now they're taking money out of their treasury to give a free party!"

Though Doggy's words might have been puzzling to anyone outside Walport High, Mardee knew what he meant. Two years back, when the school library had been enlarged, an alcove was planned for a school museum, and the School Board had provided funds to build cases for it. But there was no money to buy exhibits, and so all four classes that year had donated what remained in their treasuries to the museum funds. The librarian had bought a plaque with her own money, and the numerals of the class making the largest contribution were engraved on it each semester.

That plaque had started a lively competition between the classes. Though the honor of having its numerals engraved on the plaque usually fell to one of the upper classes, the spirited money-raising efforts of the two underclass presidents this year had left the seniors and juniors far behind. Mardee had helped increase the freshman treasury funds by promoting candy sales, mixes in the gym, and even a skating

party at the local ice rink. Not to be outdone, Rickey Calvert had prodded the sophomores into giving entertainments and parties, too. His efforts had met with such success that the sophomore treasury was now only twenty dollars less than that of the freshmen.

"Why should the sophs pay for refreshments out of their treasury when they've almost caught up with us?" Mardee asked.

"They're keeping us from raising money, aren't they?"

"No," said Mardee. "We can still hold our Mix."

"Oh, yes?" said Doggy bleakly. "See those freshmen arguing with Bob? They've bought tickets to the Mix, and now want their money back."

One of those freshmen, seeing Mardee, pointed her out to the others. In a group, they descended on their president.

"Why should we pay when we can go free to the soph party?"

"Haven't you any class spirit?" Mardee asked faintly.

"But their party doesn't cost anything," said one girl.

"The way I see it," argued a boy, "if all the frosh go to the sophomore party, we'll be boosting our own chances of getting our numerals on the museum plaque. The sophs will be taking money out of their treasury to feed us."

"You'll find there's a catch to it somewhere," said Mardee. "But if you want your money back, Bob will refund it to you."

Mardee sighed as the freshmen hurried to the ticket table to exchange their tickets for quarters. "Well, there goes our party."

As Mardee started down the hall toward Miss Beecher's first-period class, a tall, auburn-haired boy fell into step with her. Rickey Calvert, president of the rival class, had an engaging personality. But as a problem to be faced by a freshman class president,

Mardee found him hard to overcome.

"There's something quaint about you sophs giving a free party," said Mardee wittingly.

"What suspicious natures you freshies have," crowed Rickey.

"We have good memories!"

Rickey grinned mischievously. "Is it our fault if you always wallow in trouble? My, my! The things you do! Such as painting your class colors on the school flagpole."

"We did not!" declared Mardee. "Perhaps you could explain how it happened. All we know is that we had to draw money out of our class treasury to buy scrapers and sandpaper to scour that paint off."

"Now, I'll admit those candy sales you held were a good way to raise money," Rickey went on. "But what made you think you could get away with selling little cardboard squares covered with a chocolate coating as candy?"

"We have a suspicion as to who placed those trick candies on our candy tables," Mardee sputtered.

"They say in journalism class that when a dog bites a man, it's not news. But when a man bites a dog, it is news."

"Well . . . ?" asked Mardee.

Rickey grinned broadly as he turned toward the stairs. "When a soph bites a frosh, it's no longer news in Walport. It happens too often!"

Friday afternoon Mardee wandered into the Sophomore Frolic in the girls' gym. She went because she was curious as to how the sophs could afford a free party. She found Doggy Gowan, resplendent in a flashy green suit, staring mournfully at the crowd milling from one game to another.

"The soph poster told the truth, Mardee. There's no admission charge. But it costs a nickel for any game you play. And you have to cough up another nickel for each ice-cream bar or piece of cake you want."

"So that's the catch? The sophs will take in more money than we would have by charging a quarter to our Mix."



As Mardee turned away from the sophomore frolic, Rickey's amused voice came over her shoulder. "Leaving already?"

"True, cookie," Doggy frowned. "And the worst part is, we're not allowed to have another party after Easter vacation."

"Right," said Doggy. "So it looks as if the sophs' numerals will be engraved on the museum plaque."

As Mardee turned toward the stairs, Rickey's amused voice came over her shoulder. "Leaving already?"

"I'm going to bite a soph," said Mardee grimly. "And you may quote me."

Perhaps Mardee's determination to do something about the cocky sophomores might have come to nothing if the bus hadn't been late. While she waited a seed company delivery truck drove past and she noticed the sign on the side urging people to grow a victory garden.

Thoughts of a victory garden reminded Mardee of the smallness of her own back yard. Scarcely large enough to grow a row of carrots! But there must be many vacant lots in the city that could be used for victory gardens by someone. Suddenly she straightened. For the first time Mardee consciously read the sign perched among the weeds on the vacant lot that was just across from the high school building.

FOR SALE OR LEASE See G. H. Chandler Chandler Building

Mardee smiled, as an idea came to her. But almost instantly, thinking of the sophs, her smile faded. After several minutes of intense concentration, her pert nose wrinkled.

Mardee transferred to a downtown bus at Broadway. It passed through the industrial district, and, as it sped along Main Street, she memorized some of the signs on the weatherbeaten old buildings she passed—Walport Salvage Company—Acme Junk Company—Standard Salvage.

Presently Mardee was explaining to a secretary that she wished to see Mr. Chandler. A few minutes later Mardee's knees were shaking as she entered the office of a large, white-haired man. But as she explained why she had come, Mr. Chandler's good-natured smile caused her fears to evaporate.

Mardee reached school Monday morning in time to leave

a notice with the school secretary. And at 3:15 that afternoon she mounted the platform to speak to freshmen boys who had assembled in the school auditorium.

"You know how hard we've tried to win the museum plaque," she said breathlessly. "But by holding that Frolic Friday, the sophomores must have a little more money in their treasury than we have. However, I've thought of a perfectly super way that we can still beat them. A victory garden!"

"No victory garden will come up before the end of the semester," said a boy.

"I know it. But a Mr. Chandler, who owns the lot across from the school, said we freshmen could use his property until it is sold or leased. We can start clearing weeds and preparing the ground immediately."

"But we wouldn't have a crop before school's over," said Doggy.

"It isn't that kind of a victory garden," answered Mardee.

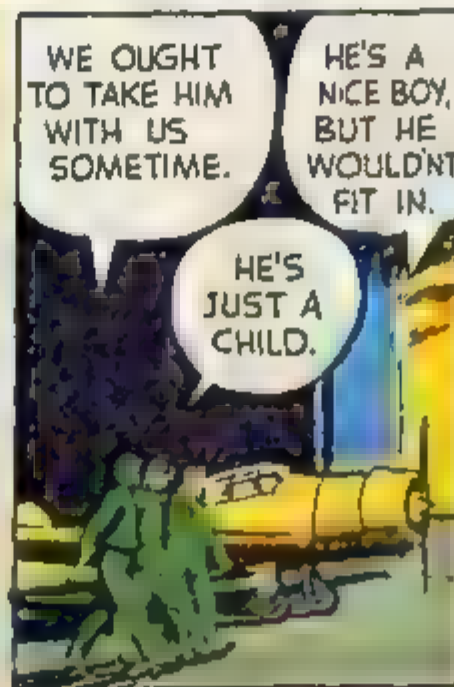
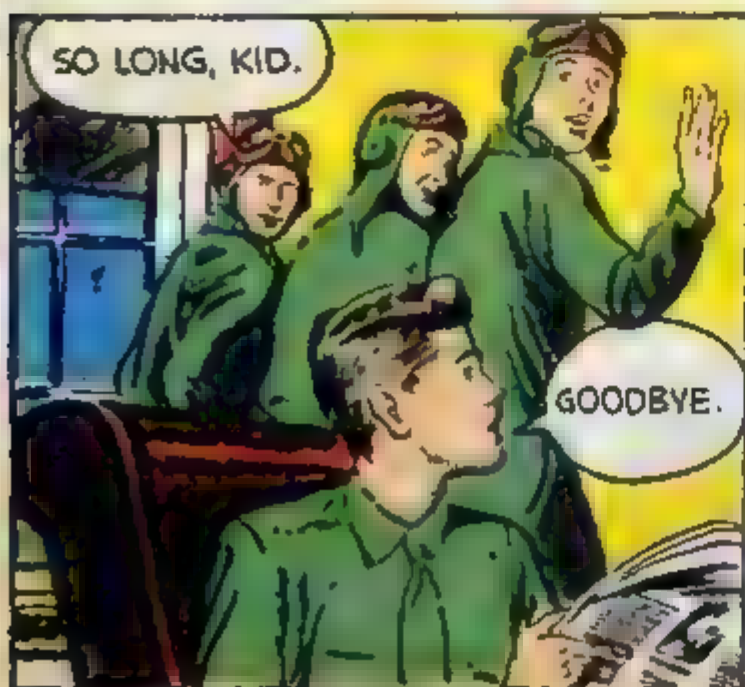
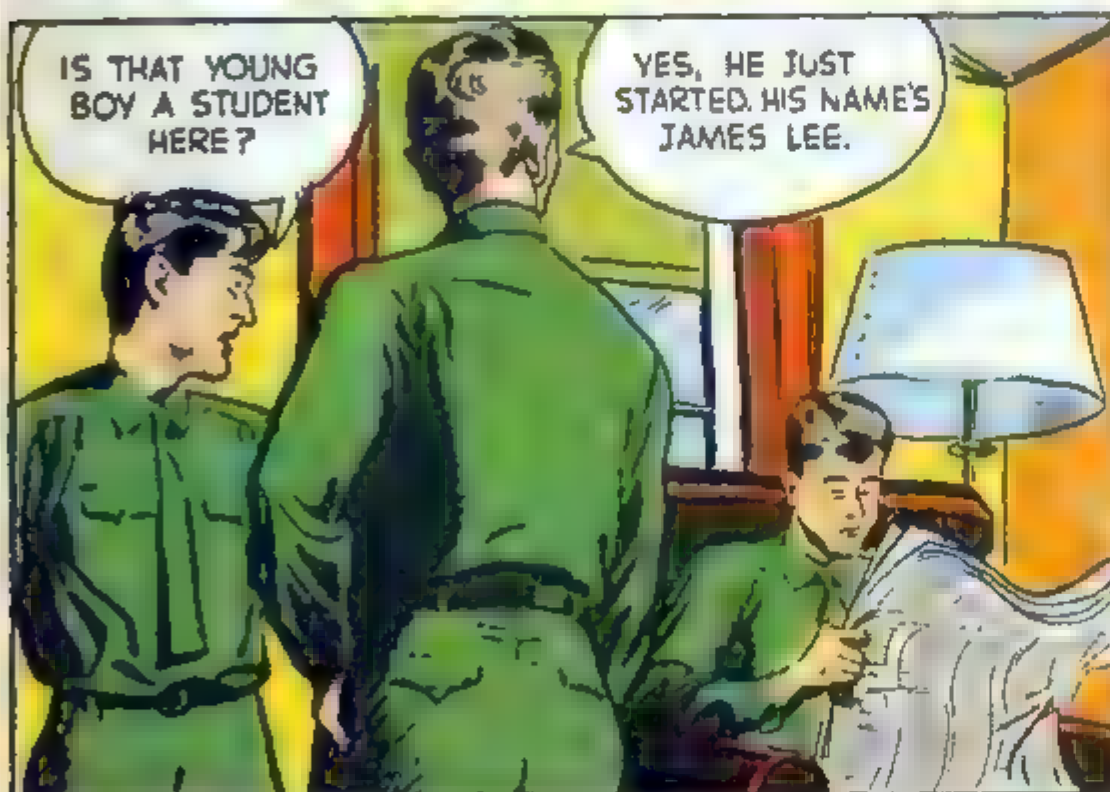
"I guess I'm not real bright," said a puzzled boy. "I don't get it."

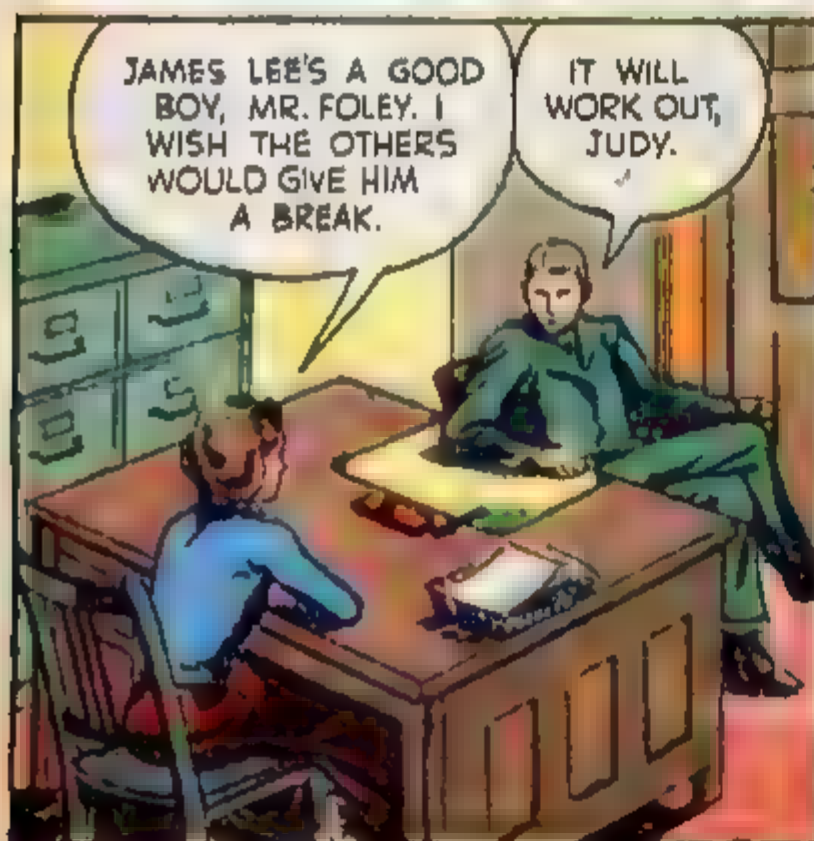
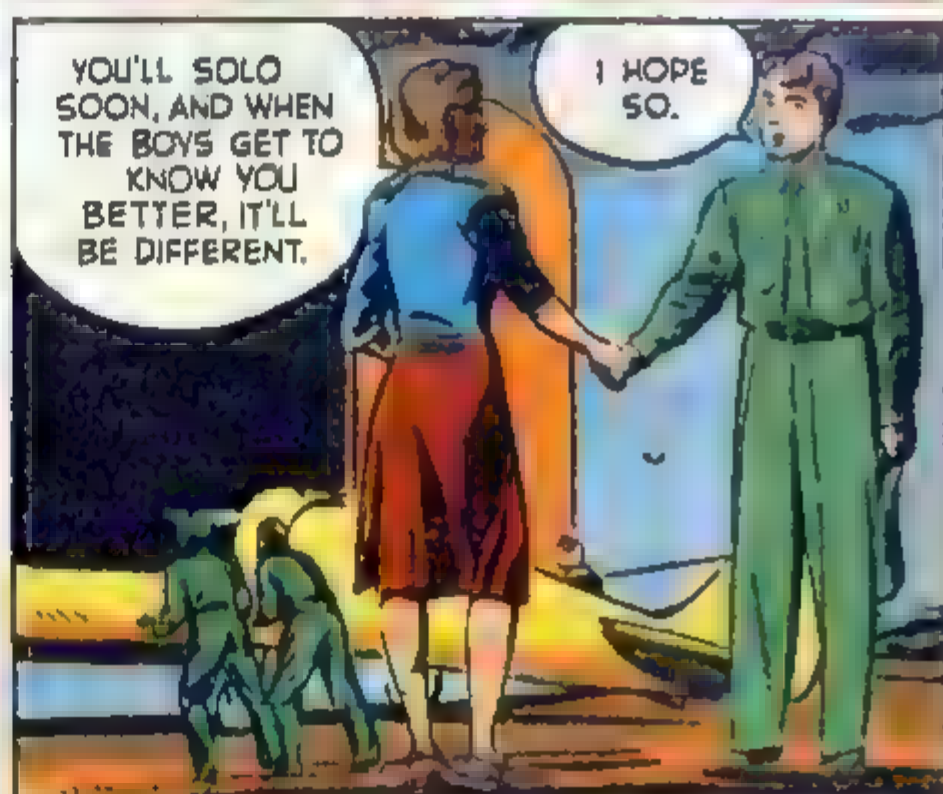
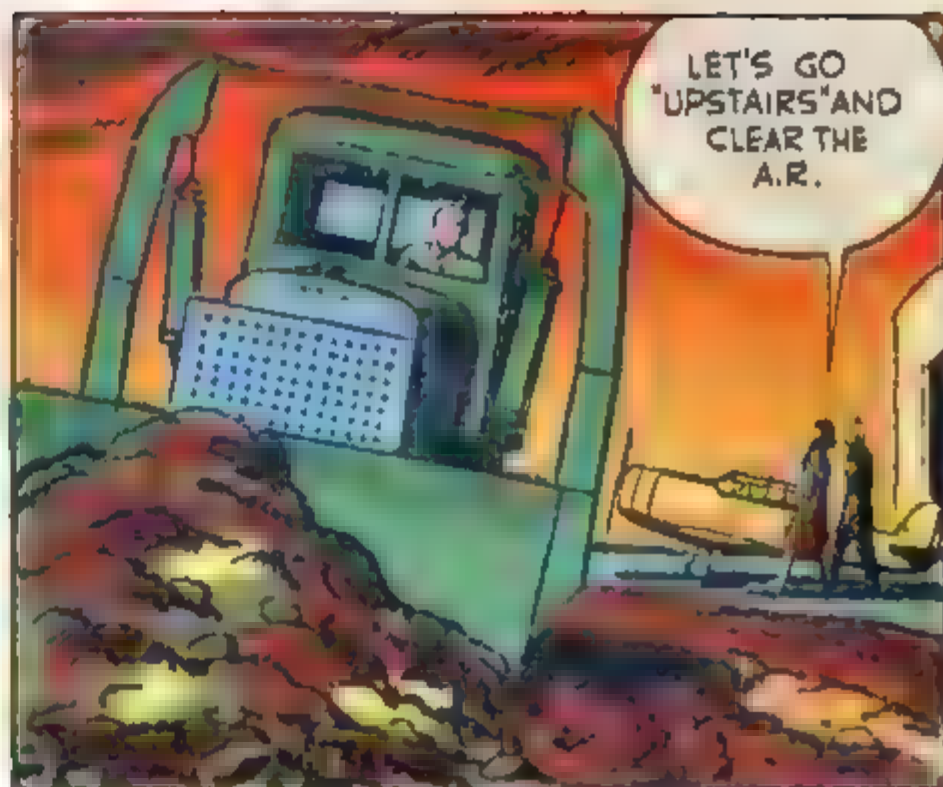
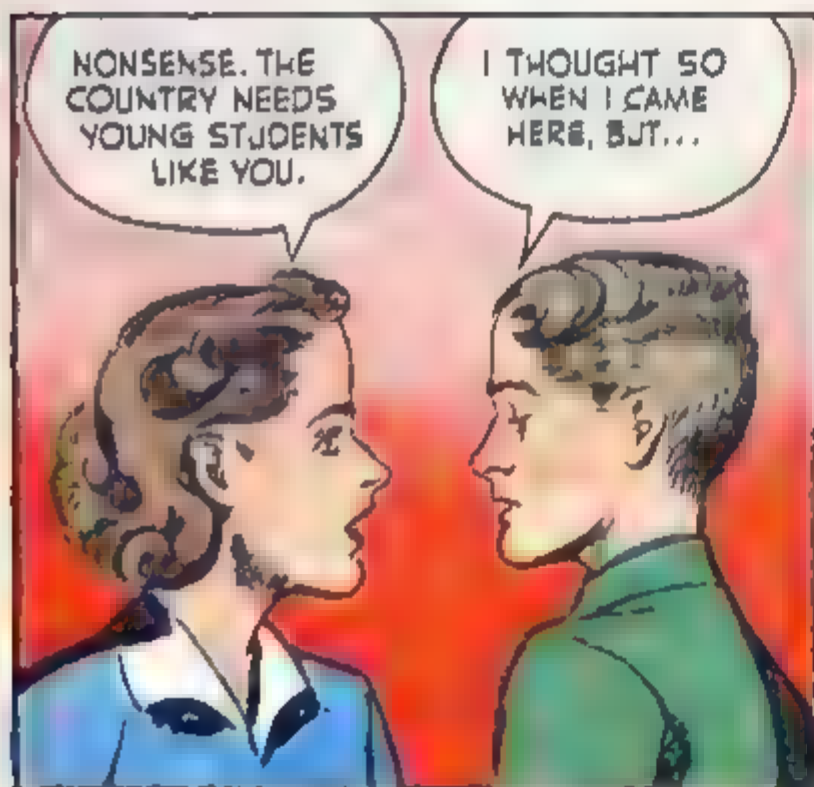
Mardee drew a long breath.

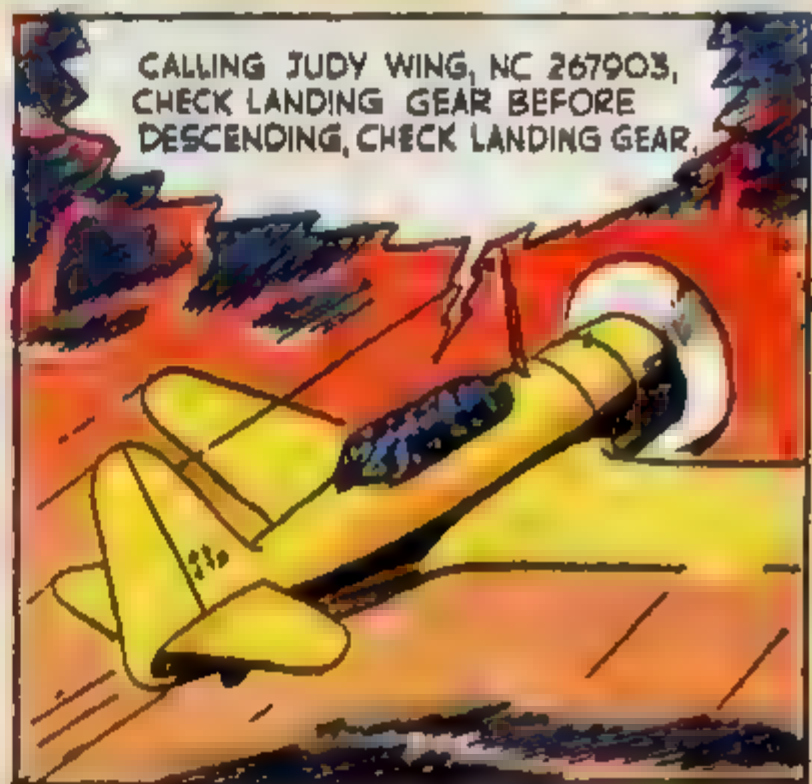
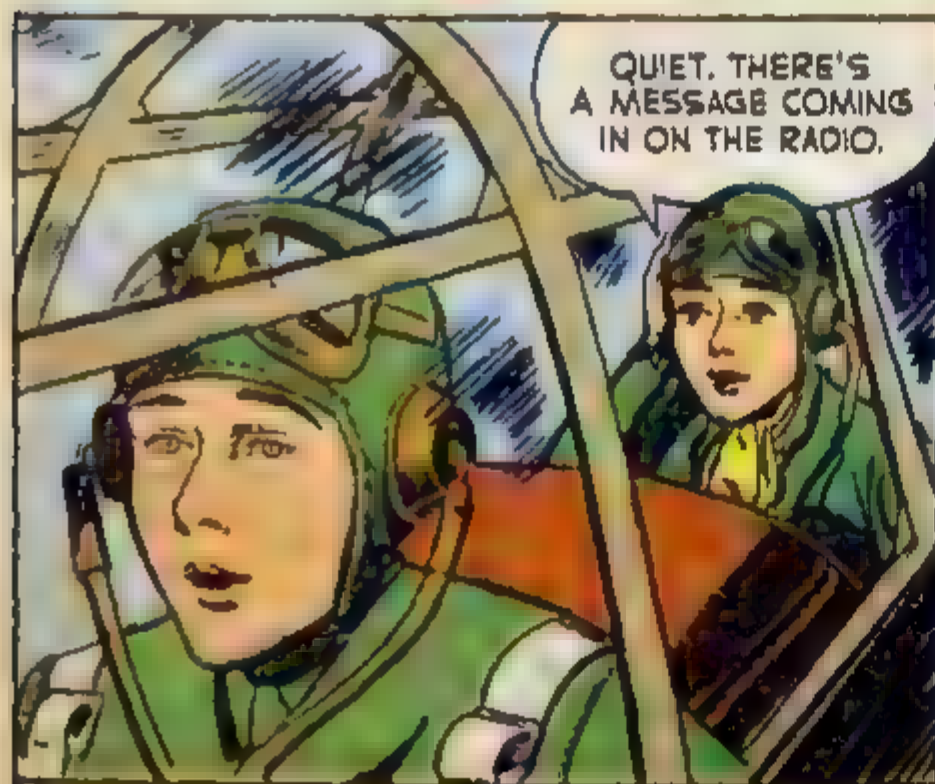
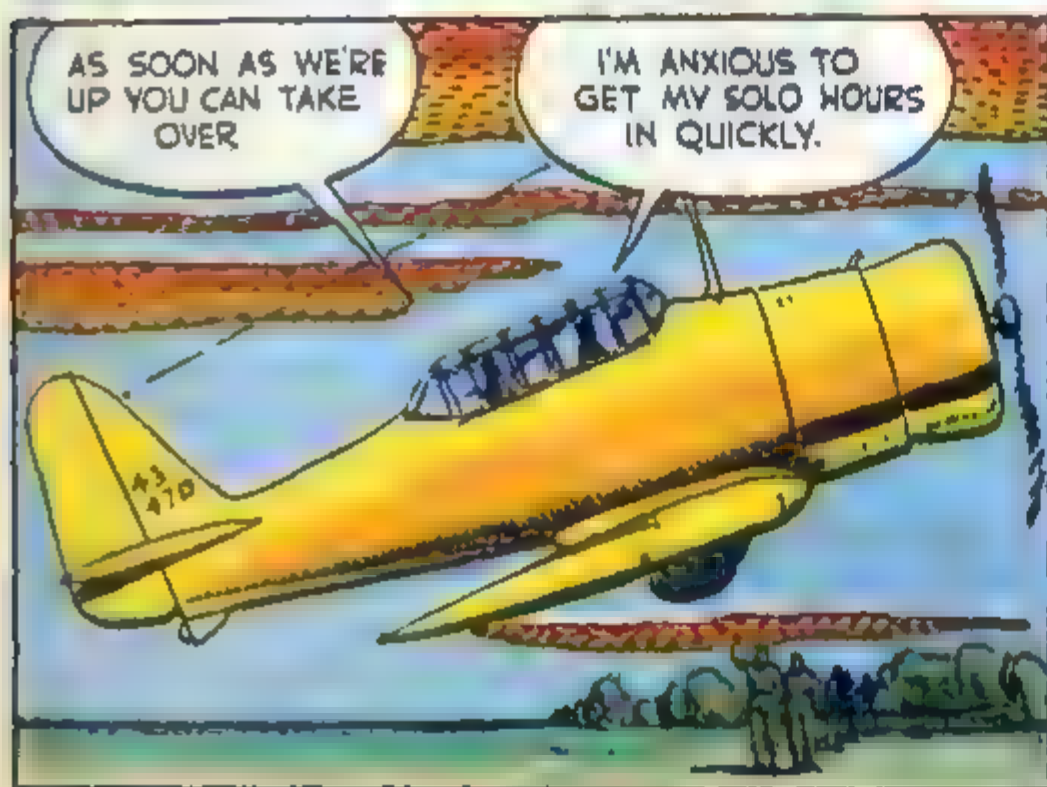
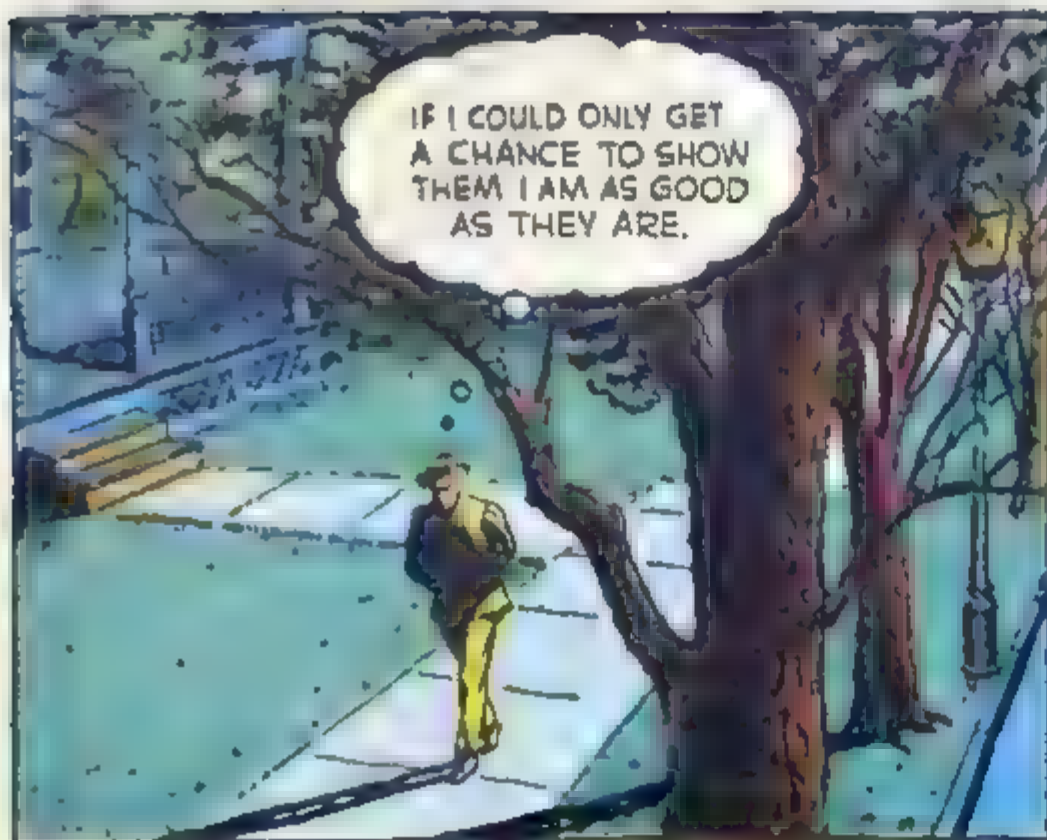
"I know I'm going on like a mad thing, but I really have an idea. The question is: Will you supermen trust (Con't on page 47)

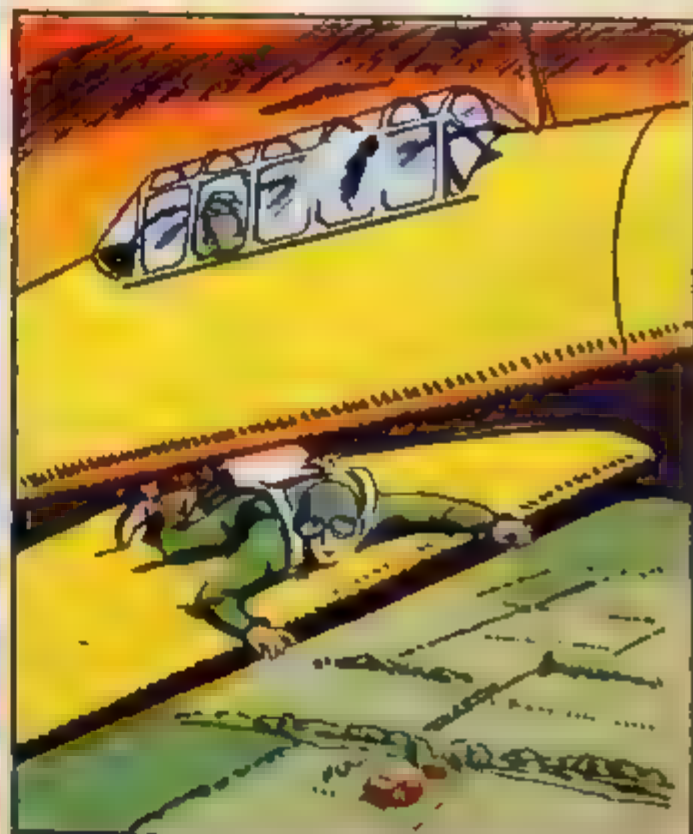
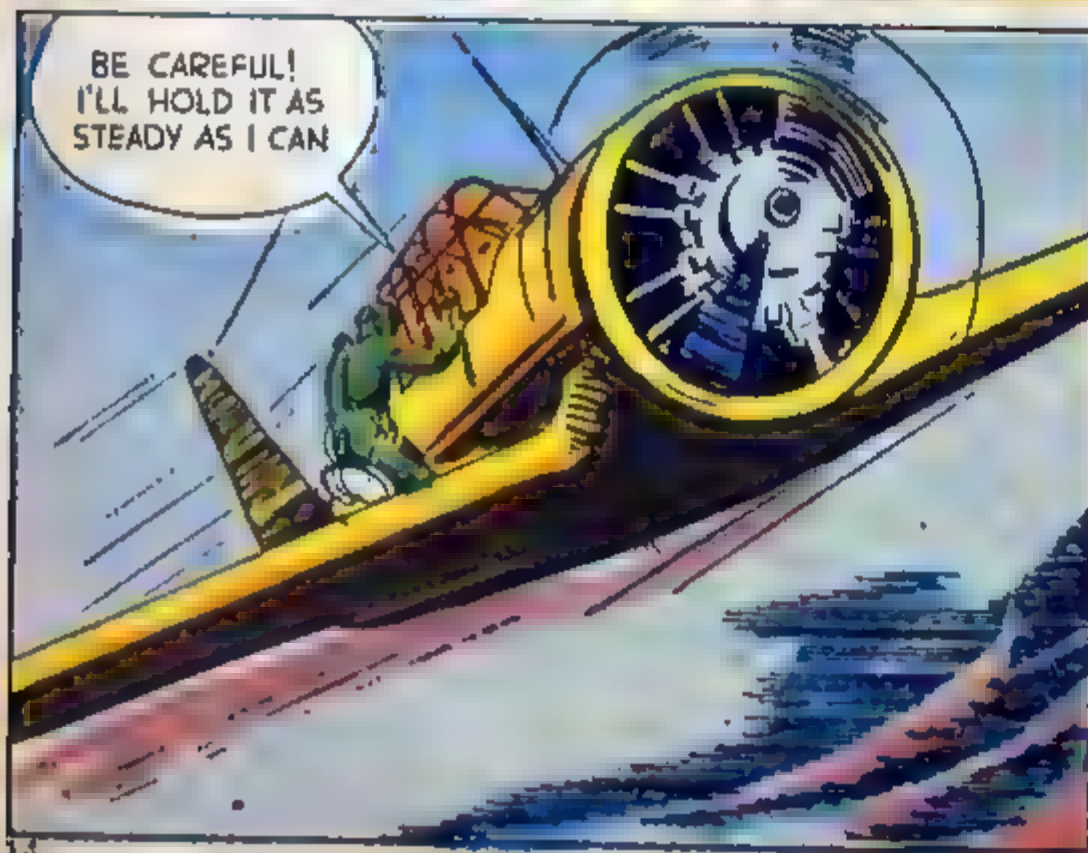
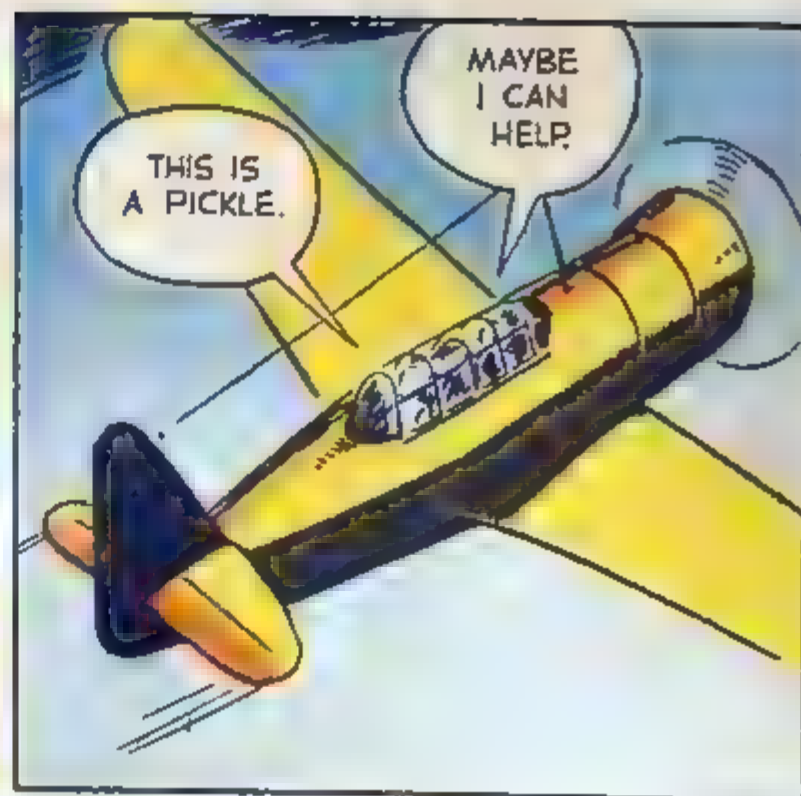
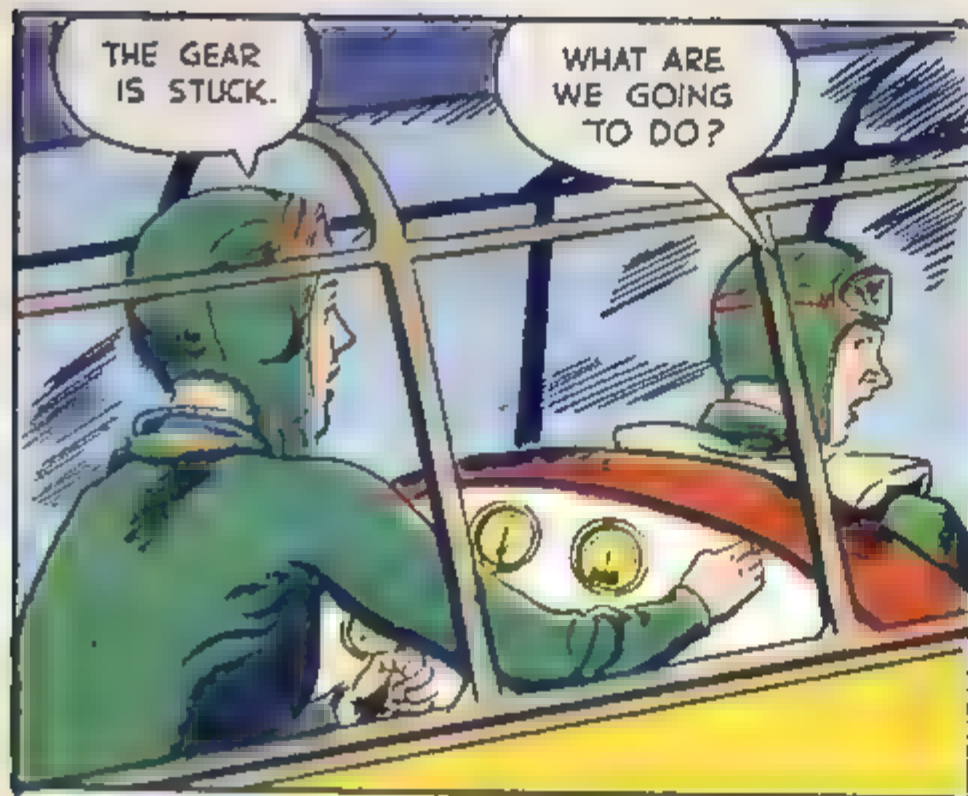


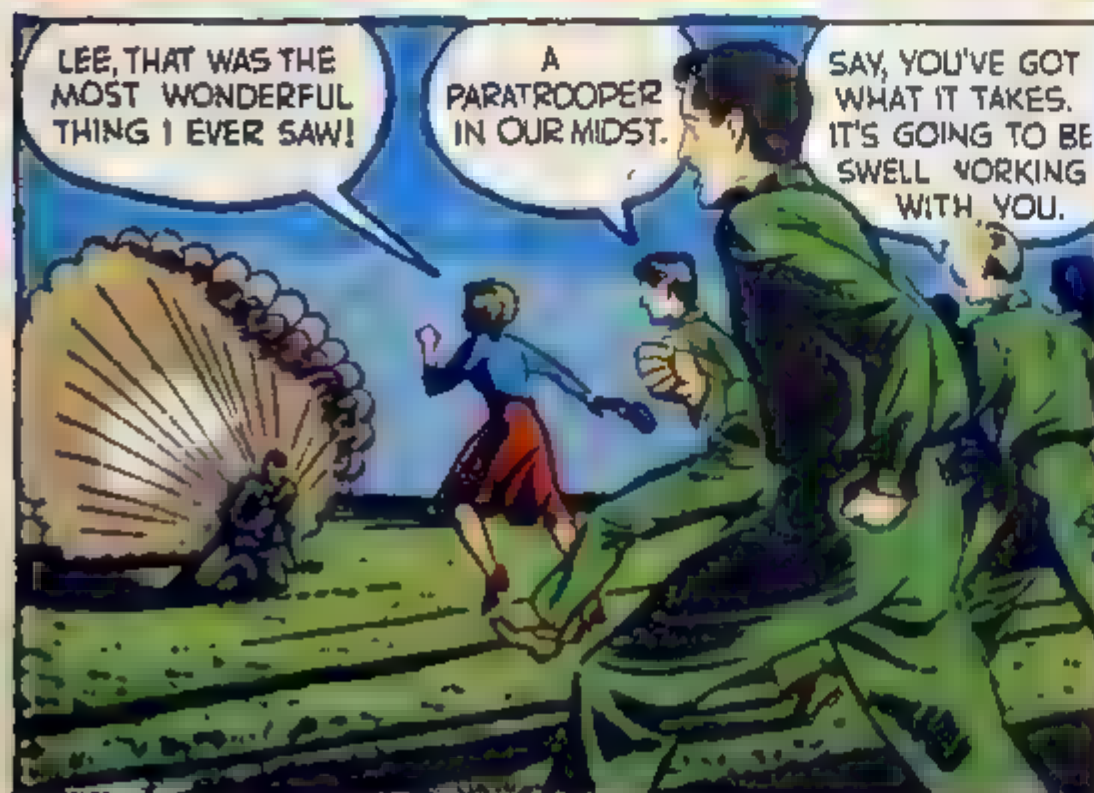
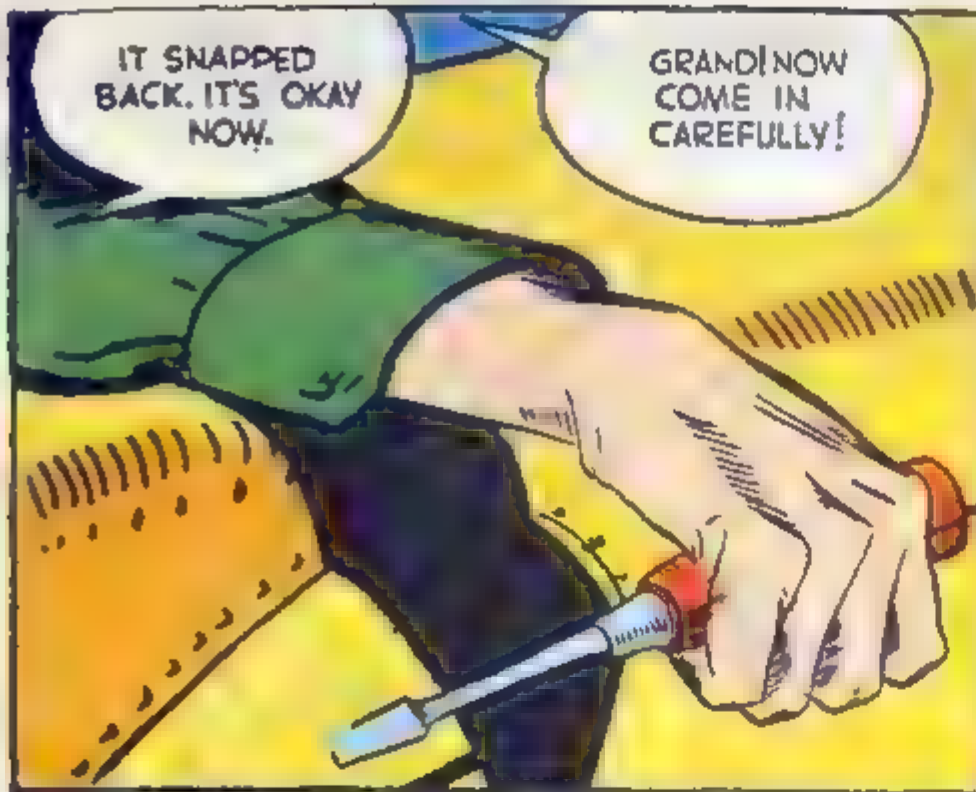
JUDY WING











Tenderfoot

Vicky Grant may have been a tenderfoot, but she certainly was no softie. The problem was how to prove it to her new friends

By ADELE DE LEEUW
Author of "Career for Jennifer" and "Gay Design"

VICKY GRANT fumbled with the key to her locker, and swung open the door, glad that it half hid her from the others. They were in twos and threes, tight, friendly little groups. Only she was alone. If she could grab her books, jam on her galoshes and hat and coat . . . Nobody wore a hat. That was one of the things that made her different, and that she hated and fought against. But her mother insisted.

"Hi there, Vicky, what are you doing? Running out on us?" Gwen demanded with casual good nature. "There's a Victory Corps meeting in the library you know."

Vicky stammered, "But I—you know I . . ." Gwen was gone, and with her Mildred and Lora. The locker room was emptying fast.

If she didn't turn up, they'd have one more score against her, but they wouldn't miss her. If she did go, she'd be a fish out of water. Painfully out of things—unable to be drawn into their whirlpool of activities, their gay, rough-and-ready companionship. She longed to join in, to be one of them. But she couldn't.

Her upbringing was mostly to blame for that. Her mother and her grandmother wanted her to be a "lady." They were afraid she'd take cold, afraid she'd overdo, afraid she'd hurt herself. It hadn't irked her so much back home where she had old friends, but since they had moved to the Southwest last fall, everything had changed. The nice, comfortable, genteel sort of life they had led was gone. Here the

country was half wild, a little crude; distances were tremendous; people were bluff, hearty, self-contained.

Even this county high school was different. Their way of doing things, their way of looking at things. They could groom their horses—most of them rode to school and tethered their animals in a corral back of the building—and plow a field and run a tractor and tend a sick cow. They'd tried to understand her at first, but she was out of their picture—as different from them as they were from her.

But she wanted to belong! She wanted to be like them! She was eager for companionship . . . Living with her mother and her grandmother, who were so fearful and so resentful of this new life, and always watching over her, was a lonely sort of existence.

Reluctantly she went toward the library. Voices rose and floated out. "What's the use of asking her—she won't come." "Yes, but we'll have to." "Then she'll spoil everything—she's the most helpless gal!" That was Lora. "Ssh . . ."

"We were talking about an all-day picnic ride, Vicky," Dan Evans said when she rounded the corner. She felt all their eyes on her. "Start at eight, ride up the Dobe Pass, and have lunch at the lake."

"But I—don't ride," she said painfully. They knew that, of course. What they didn't know



Vicky broke the pane with a stone and climbed through the window, dragging Beze in with her.

was that her mother was afraid she'd fall off.

He snapped his fingers. "I forgot . . . Well, listen, I could take you on my horse, if you thought you could stick on—it's a sort of rough trip, though . . ."

Lora looked out of the window. "Your chauffeur waits, Vicky," she said grandly.

"I'll have to go." Vicky swallowed hard. That was another thing that was funny to them. She didn't ride, so she couldn't come on her own horse. The bus for the elementary school at Brackton stopped by for her every day, and she rode home with the children.

She knew what they were saying after she had gone. She

didn't care—yes, she did! She cared terribly. She wanted them to like her. She particularly wanted Dan to like her. Dan who was so clever in everything he did, who was fearless and a rider and a sportsman; Dan who had said in oral composition one day, "The only kind of girl I like is the one who can do nearly everything a boy does and who isn't afraid of anything." And yet Dan had offered to take her on his horse.

She listened to the chatter of the children with only half an ear, and to the grumbling of the bus driver. "Road's gettin' so you can't steer decent," he said. "These here rains every day—one washout after another..."

"Will you come see us?" Babs and Teddy, her special little friends, demanded, leaning against her knee. "Come Saturday and play with us?"

"I'll try." With Babs and Teddy she had her happiest moments; they were lively and adoring; they looked up to her. She hugged them close, and got out at her own gate. The bus jolted on.

Bozo came running around the house and leaped upon her. He was an "almost wire-haired fox terrier," and the joy of her life.

"Mercy, I thought you'd never get here!" her mother said. And her grandmother fussed, "Why don't you button your coat across your chest? It's a raw wind."

"Did you eat a good lunch?" they asked together. "Did you remember to put on your galoshes when you went out?"

It was like that all the time. No wonder she had never learned to do anything rough and hard, never learned to depend on herself.

The bare two-story house they had come to—so different from the rambling white one they had left back East—had been willed to Mrs. Grant by a remote cousin, and the bequest came at a time when they were desperate for money. Mrs. Grant, with optimism born of ignorance, had decided it would

be marvelous to live out west; she would build some little cottages—have a tourist camp—make a nice tidy sum. She had built the cabins, but they remained empty; touring went out when gas rationing came in. The boats she had bought bobbed at the tiny dock on the sprawling old river behind the house. No one came to use them. It had been dispiriting and a little frightening, but Mrs. Grant hoped that, with the Army camp building near by, she could rent the cottages to workmen or to soldiers' wives.

"Gram and I have to go in to San Mercato tomorrow," her mother said now. "We can take the bus and be back by supper time. I don't want you to go in this miserable weather. And someone might come..."

"I'll stay here." Vicky was glad of the chance to be on her own.

"You won't be afraid? We'll surely be back before dark."

Vicky saw them off next morning in the pouring rain, her ears full of last minute admonitions. She decided to bake a batch of cookies. It was cozy in the old kitchen, the rain sluicing down the windows. What were the others doing—now that there was no picnic?

While she rolled out the dough, a car drove up. Babs and Teddy stormed inside when she opened the door. "We're going to stay with you!" they shouted happily.

The Laidlaws were

apologetic. "We have to go into town on business. And there's no one to leave the children with but you people..."

"Mother and Gram have gone, too," Vicky said.

She saw the sudden changes of expression flitting over their faces and knew what they were thinking. They didn't want to leave the children with her. Vicky spoke up firmly.

"I'll take the best care in the world of them, I promise. Please leave them. I'll look after them every minute, and we do get along wonderfully."

They hesitated a little, but finally they were won over.

Vicky settled down happily with her two visitors. They leaned over the board watching the cookies, and she let Babs cut out some herself. After that they played games. She gave them their lunch, with some of the finished cookies.

Well fed and a little tired, they did not protest when she told them to take their naps. While they slept she decided to do her math, but she found she had lost the slip marking

With the flashlight for a fire, they played they were having a picnic in an enchanted woods.



the assignment. She'd call up Mildred and ask her. That would give her a chance to—well, to see what the others were doing. She waited for the operator to give her Mildred's number, but only silence greeted her. She jiggled the hook, waited, called, "Operator—Operator." Silence. A queer silence. The line was dead.

Heavens, how dark it was all at once! She flipped the light switch—but no welcome light sprang up. With a queer panic, she went from room to room, flipping switches. Darkness.

She peered out of the windows. It was hard to see—the rain was coming down in such torrents. But beyond the sodden lawn she could glimpse the river—angry and swollen now—and the two little boats bobbing wildly at the dock. Why, the dock was nearly under water! While she looked, horrified, the swift waters tore the little boats loose and carried them downstream—and a moment later she saw that the river had spread up the lawn.

She realized with a wild start what was happening. This was a flood—a real flood. The rain continuing for days had made rivers of the upper branches of the stream, and now the Tamparillo was swollen far beyond its boundaries. The phone being dead, and the lights out meant that it was doubly serious—perhaps the dam had burst near the power house.

"What'll I do?" she thought fearfully. And then, with a rising feeling of excitement, "It's up to me—whatever it is." One thing was sure: she had to keep the children from being afraid.

A wild yelping came to her, borne on the wind. Bozo! Poor Bozo—still in his kennel outside the shed! Babs and Teddy came down the stairs then. "We're through sleepin'," Teddy announced. "Let's play."

"As soon as I get Bozo," she said. "Bozo wants to play, too."

She flung an old coat around her and went out of the door. The wind tore at her, the rain slashed in her face, ran down her collar. Bozo was tangled in his chain, leaping frantically

up and down and drooling with fear. She snapped the chain and picked up the dripping, shivering dog. The water came from behind the shed and tore the kennel loose; it banged drunkenly against the cottonwoods and then was swept away. She had got Bozo just in time! She beat her way back across the soggy ground to the house, ran up the steps, reached for the doorknob. It was locked! The catch had snapped when she went out! She called the children, but they did not hear her. The front door was locked, too—you could open it only from the inside. Carefully she set Bozo

down in a sheltered spot, picked up a large stone from the road and threw it hard against the pantry window. She climbed in, dragging Bozo with her.

Vicky looked out of the windows. The water was creeping over the yard, like a stealthy, determined enemy. Half an hour later a thin trickle came under the kitchen door. She marshaled the children. "We're going upstairs to play," she said.

The sky was a sulphurous yellow, the wind, rising, howled around the house, and the rain was noisy and cold. Shingles and uprooted trees floated past on the angry river; part of a
(Continued on page 54)



"Hold the boat steady and I'll make a basket of blankets and lower them down to you."

Globe
 New York Times
 Toronto
 Chicago Daily Tribune
 San Francisco
 The NEWS



1



2



3

1. Putting a jinx on the Axis. Kathleen Parker, 8, helps her father, Chief of the Cayuga Tribe, show Lt. Kazmierczak how to point an Indian sign on a ship. Chief Parker works at a plant which won a Maritime award. *Press Association Photo*

2. To arms. Junior misses demonstrate their skill in a class at the top-ranking Santelli School of Fencing in New York City. Professor Santelli doesn't seem to mind exposing himself to danger. *International News Photo*

3. Hungry heroine. Marylynn Wintler has two fasts in the Army Air Force. The 9-year-old girl hiked over five miles of mountains to reach the injured flyers who had crashed. She built a fire to keep them warm and watched over them through the dark night until help came. *Los Angeles Times Photo*

4. Good neighbors in action. True to the fine spirit of Pan-American unity, the Kocakikita Group of the Camp Fire Girls sponsor an exhibit at College Park Georgia. Here Betty Zeigler and Beverly Rucker show off part of their work.

5. Out of internment. The union of French Africa and the Allies meant freedom for Judith Ryan, 16, and her sister, Alice, 19. Among other missionaries, they had been interned in French Guiana. Back in New York after their release, the two sisters pose wearing their African pith helmets. *Press Association Photo*



4

5



Britain's little Princess Elizabeth is becoming a charming young lady

*Learning
to be a*
QUEEN

By FRANCES CADZOW
British Information Services

Even for parties they enjoy dressing alike. Princess Elizabeth (seated) and her sister in pink gowns trimmed with blue bows. Below, right: The Windsors spend a quiet evening at home in the Bowl Room, Buckingham Palace, and confer over the sock Elizabeth is knitting for a serviceman.

REMEMBER the fairy-tale princesses? Jeweled coronets crowned their golden curls, precious stones studded the scepters they carried in their lily-white hands, priceless silk and satin and ermine robes were fashioned for them to wear. Those lovely ladies were creatures of another world.

But there are flesh-and-blood princesses today who are very much of this world. On the twenty-first of this month one of the best known of them celebrates her seventeenth birthday, and her birthday party is surprisingly like yours. Perhaps her birthday isn't even as festive as yours. Her cake is an eggless cake, and perhaps a sugarless cake, for Britain's Princess Elizabeth celebrates her seventeenth birthday in an England that has been at war for three and a half years.

Elizabeth Alexandra Mary Windsor may even look back with a little regret to those birthdays of long ago when there was no war and when she was not heir presumptive to the Crown of Great Britain. There is much that a prospective ruler of Empire must know. Eliza-



beth needs her intelligent and quick mind because her studies are so much more rigid and difficult than those of most girls her age. A graduate of Edinburgh University, Miss Marion Crawford, is her governess. Experts in several fields tutor the Princess each day.

Because a thorough background in history and government is essential to any ruler, one of Britain's most distinguished historians has charge of Elizabeth's history lessons. She must know and understand the successes and failures of past rulers and governments of Britain and of other countries.

The Princess has a French governess, and there are days when nothing but French may be spoken at mealtimes, with the result that Elizabeth's French is fluent and her accent is good.

Because England's ruler also becomes the head of the Church of England, religious instruction is a subject of great importance. Elizabeth's Scripture lessons are given by a canon of St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

Princess Elizabeth must know automatically how to behave at every gathering, from the most formal court function to the simplest and most informal meeting. She must know how to greet all kinds of people, how to answer all kinds of questions diplomatically.

Elizabeth's training is so important that the British Cabinet has a constitutional right to be kept informed of the progress of the heir presumptive to the Throne. Actually, it is Queen Elizabeth herself who looks after every detail of her daughter's education. It was the Queen who taught the little Princess to read and it is the Queen who teaches her the most difficult duties of royalty. Perhaps that is why Elizabeth has so much of her mother's charm of manner.

Not all studies are heavy, and not all her training is dry desk work. Elizabeth loves music and she shares her mother's grand piano. She plays alone by the hour, drifting from one



In the trappings of royalty, the little Princesses stand with Their Majesties and Queen Mother Mary on the Buckingham Palace balcony after the coronation ceremonies.



Wearing the regimental badge in her hat, Princess Elizabeth, Colonel of the Grenadier Guards, smilingly shakes the hand of an officer of her regiment. *Press Association and British Combine Photos*

favorite into another, and she plays both classical and popular pieces. Her favorite pastime is inventing her own variations. She has a sweet, well-modulated voice, and she delights in the part songs that are so typically British. Dancing is another favorite—everything from ballroom dancing to tap dancing—and she gave her first dance recently. A pipe major of the Scots Guards taught the Princess the complicated and

lively Scottish reels and flings.

In many ways her life is very much like that of any girl her age. Elizabeth and her younger sister, Margaret Rose, are devoted companions who like to do the same things. Both girls enjoy gardening and they have a victory garden.

Elizabeth and Margaret Rose are dog lovers, too, and like to roam around the grounds with their pets, Ching and Crackers, at their heels. Elizabeth has a

pet chameleon, too, whose name is Caspar. The royal sisters are both enthusiastic horsewomen. They have always ridden astride, and Elizabeth has also learned to ride sidesaddle. On the rare occasions when their father has a free hour, they go for a canter together. The girls like to play duets on two pianos, to sing and dance together, and to put on shows. One time it was "Cinderella" and last Christmas they presented "The Sleeping Beauty" for the Royal Household Wool Fund, before hundreds of soldiers.

The Windsors are as happy and friendly a family as you'll find anywhere. They have lunch together whenever it is possible. When these lunches are out of the question, the Queen makes it a point to have tea with her daughters and to read with them afterward or play games. Often, they are joined by some of the numerous aunts and uncles on both sides of the family. The war has cut into the number of evenings the Windsors can spend together, but whenever it's possible they sit talking and laughing and catching up on the family news.

War has limited week-end and holiday excursions for royalty, as much as for your family. And many of the events that Elizabeth would have enjoyed in peacetime are out, too. Her main amusements are the radio and the movies.

Elizabeth has been kept out of the spotlight as much as possible so that she will have a chance at a normal girlhood. Her photographs rarely appear in the newspapers and the only time she has spoken in public was when she broadcast to evacuee children in the Empire and in the United States. The few appearances Elizabeth makes are for war charities.

In 1939, the Princess became a member of the first Buckingham Palace Company of the Girl Guides and she is now a patrol leader. Elizabeth takes an active part in all the Guide programs—studying first aid, raising money for war chari-

ties, knitting woolen comforts for the troops—and she has won certificates for first aid, nursing, and fire fighting. She passed her test for the Royal Life Saving Society, wartime junior artificial respirational award.

There are stirring and thrilling events ahead for the lovely young Princess under the shadow of the English Throne. But behind her as well are memories to cherish—early memories of when she was "Lilibet" looking out of her first nursery window on London's skyline of chimney pots; of her second nursery, gay with color, and boasting a little chair that tinkled "The Bluebells of Scotland" when she sat in it; of the birth of her little sister Margaret Rose; of visiting her grandfather, King George V, whose favorite she was because she resembled youthful pictures of Queen Mary; of the thrill of dressing up to be bridesmaid at the weddings of her uncles, the Duke of Kent and Duke of Gloucester; of the death of her grandfather, the abdication of her uncle, King Edward; of the solemn moment when her father was proclaimed King of England, making her next in line for the Throne; of the sad hour when the world knew that England was at war.

And as she adds her seventeenth birthday pearl to the others that her father has given her—one for each birthday—she may remember some of the birthdays that the beautiful pearls represent: her thirteenth birthday when she first received a weekly allowance of two shillings and sixpence (fifty-two cents), her fifteenth birthday when she was given a necklace that belonged to Queen Victoria, and her sixteenth birthday when she made her first appearance at a public ceremony—reviewing England's No. 1 Regiment, the Grenadier Guards, of which she is Colonel.

On April 21, as the family quietly celebrates her seventeenth year, she may, like any girl her age, think wistfully of

the automobile she would love to have in exchange for her bike, of the gay parties she would like to attend. But unlike any other girl, this birthday will bring home still more clearly what a hard road lies ahead for her, because Elizabeth's life is not really her own—it belongs to her beloved England which is living through its hour of peril.

Susan Says

MY FAVORITE family custom is saying grace. Installment plan breakfast, and no one home for lunch, leaves dinner our "family" meal. Then we all gather round as Mother places the last steaming dish on the mat. Brother quickly finishes his tale of the hockey game. A moment of silence as heads are bowed. I say:

"God is great and God is good,

And we thank Him for this food."

Brother says:

"Tis by His hand we must be fed,

Give us, Lord, our daily bread."

We join Mother and Dad in saying "Amen."

Somehow, that quiet time at the beginning of a meal does something. It eases the tension of the day. It relaxes those present. Conversation is carried on in a normal, quiet tone and laughter has its part. It draws us closer as a family, and paves the way to a pleasant evening.

Try grace at your house, letting each member have his part. It's a nice family custom.

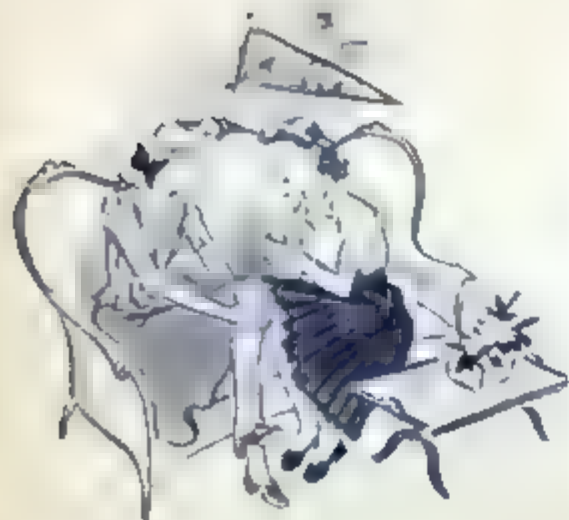
By NORMA JEANNE TRUEBLOOD
aged 15, Omaha, Nebraska

★ ★ ★

"Susan" is every girl who reads this magazine. Would you like to write "Susan Says"? This month write 150 words on "My Pet." Entries must reach us by May 31st. In each issue we will prize and will pay \$5.00 for the best "Susan Says" from a girl reader. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned. All of them become the property of CALLING ALL GIRLS. Address Susan, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.

Let's Talk Things Over

By ALICE BARR GRAYSON



AIRING problems usually brings comfort and practical suggestions. Won't you write and tell Alice Barr Grayson what's on your mind? If you sign your complete name and address (they won't be printed), and state your age, a personal reply will be sent you—unless, of course, your problem or one just like yours is answered in this department. Write to Mrs. Grayson, **CALLING ALL GIRLS**, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.

My mother wants me to learn to dance. Most of my school-mates dance and go to most of the dances. Do you think I should learn to dance and attend some of the dances or do you think I should wait till I have the urge to? Also can you please suggest a way to overcome my self-consciousness? — Jean B., aged 15½, Ontario.

JEAN tells us that most of her friends dance. It is natural for young people to want to share their friends' good times and to be ready to do the kinds of things they enjoy.

This may be reason No. 1 why Jean should try now to learn how to dance. Another reason might be that one of the very best ways to overcome shyness is to learn to dance or play games, or do something that is in order, well and easily. All girls can't "shine" at parties or dances. We are not all the same, but the more we can

learn to get along in a variety of ways, the better.

Since Jean tells us that she is not, at the moment, overcome with enthusiasm about dancing, she certainly need not concentrate exclusively on this form of recreation. But she can make a reasonable attempt to learn, and attend at least a few of the dances, without giving up other things which have a greater appeal for her just now. It is quite true that there are girls and boys who do not feel the urge to dance very much until they are older than fifteen or sixteen. As a matter of fact, there are some who never become very enthusiastic about this form of self-expression. Right now, however, dancing seems to be a normal part of the life of Jean and her friends. Since she so much wants to feel at home with them, learning how to dance will help her to develop more self-confidence. Gradually she should feel more at ease with members of both

sexes, as she has many experiences in being with groups.

I have a two-year-old sister whom I like very much. But my father and mother buy her everything and whatever she does is okay. Please advise me what I should do. Talking to my parents doesn't help.—Gertrude K., aged 9½, New York.

IT should be comforting to Gertrude to know that many other children have had the experience of liking younger sisters and brothers very much and, at the same time, feeling very much annoyed or inconvenienced by them!

Gertrude may be quite sure that her parents' hearts are big enough to include a great deal of love for both their children. She can understand, too, that younger children sometimes need special attention and care during their early years, for they cannot take care of themselves. When Gertrude was little she, too, had to be closely watched and protected. Now she is ready for more privileges as well as more responsibilities. There are so many things she can enjoy—her own friends, toys, time to be with her parents when the baby is asleep, her school life, the chance to make decisions for herself. Sometimes little sisters are envious because they cannot be that grown-up!

(Continued on page 37)

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT TO READERS

IN ACCORDANCE with the Government's regulations that all publishers use much less paper this year, we shall have to combine several of our monthly issues of **CALLING ALL GIRLS**. Our next issue will be a combined June-July issue and will be out about the middle of May. During the summer there will be a new issue each month, because when school is out you will have more time for pleasure reading. Our subscribers will receive the full number of copies to which they are entitled, each issue counting as ONE although it may be dated for two months. We hope that you will enjoy each new issue just as much, even if you do have to wait somewhat longer than usual to get it.—THE PUBLISHERS.



THEY'RE GOING TO BE NURSES

WHILE they are still in training, student nurses play a vital role. Because they work as they learn, they release graduate nurses for duty with the Army and Navy. Nursing schools take students between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five who are in good health, and have high school diplomas. From two and a half to three years' training makes students eligible for the state board examinations leading to the degree of Registered Nurse.

Official Office of War Information Photos by Henle

Tomorrow's operating room nurses. Looking down into the operating room through binoculars, these students observe an actual operation.

Practice and protection. Advanced students give probationers the Schick and Dick tests for diphtheria and for scarlet fever.

Baby battles coming up. In the formula kitchen, students learn to prepare a day's supply of food for dozens of new babies.





Hospital K. P. duty. Students learn the mysteries of nutrition, of food therapy, and of special foods in the diet kitchen.



Incubator baby. Learning to care for these tiny patients is complicated and difficult, but it's rewarding, too.

Steady hands. In an antiseptic atmosphere the student

nurse threads the suture needle the surgeon will use

Emergency operation. No longer observers, students become skilled at assisting the doctors in the operating room.

Pause that refreshes. It's not all work for the student nurses. They have other activities that provide fun.



THE HAUNTED APARTMENT



"A man? What man?" Sue asked, still completely puzzled.

The girls felt Pam would be able to give them the answers to most of their questions—but first they had to find her

By MARGARET SUTTON

Author of "Judy Bolton Mystery Stories" and "Jamima: Daughter of Daniel Boone"

THE STORY UP TO NOW

The four motherless Barry sisters dreaded their father's return home with his new wife—a woman who, the Harper boys said, was a terror. Sue, head of the house during Mr. Barry's absence, and the three younger girls wished their friend Aunt Annie, who used to live in the apartment next door, would come back. Plaintive singing, weird music, and strange tappings came from her old apartment, and Mrs. Draeger, the superintendent's wife, accused the girls of having parties late at night. Books and manuscripts disappeared from the Barry apartment and so did the girls' canary. Someone reported seeing Aunt Annie's dead husband enter the apartment with another man. Pam wrote Dad a letter, but Sue would not permit her to tell him of their troubles. Sue suspected Bob Harper of being the ghost because the mysterious voice sounded like his. Sue couldn't get in Aunt Annie's apartment. Pam determined to stand guard at the

door all night. She had started to nod, when Aunt Annie's door opened and a white figure darted out and into the elevator. Pam ran down the stairs in pursuit. Mrs. Draeger and Sue waited for Pam's return upstairs. Suddenly two white-sheeted figures appeared at the head of the stairs and as suddenly turned and fled. Sue tried to head them off by taking the elevator, but the ghosts had disappeared and so had Pam. Now go on with Chapter Five.

THE upstairs hall was quiet except for the unearthly music. Shirley and Marty were not waiting as they had promised and there was still no trace of Pam. Mrs. Draeger again told Sue not to worry, but she looked quite worried herself. This was only some boyish prank.

"We'll see if it is!" cried Sue, flinging open the door of the

apartment. Pam was not there. She seemed to have vanished completely, but Sue was relieved to find Shirley and Marty safely in bed. Marty was already asleep, but Shirley sat up wide-eyed and tried to explain.

"There wasn't any use waiting. We saw the ghosts go into Aunt Annie's apartment next door. I think they had a key, but I couldn't see their hands or anything because of the sheets."

"But, Shirley, why didn't you stop them?" Sue demanded.

"I tried to," she confessed, "but Marty was so scared and then they spoke to us and told us they had permission. One of them gave me this note and, while I was reading it, they just dashed in and the door locked behind them. They're in there playing the music now."

"I hear it. But where is the note? Let me see it at once. We've got to find out what's happened to Pam."

"The note won't tell you," said Shirley as she pointed to where it lay crumpled up on the dresser. "It's something about an old romance. Aunt Annie's and Uncle Joe's probably. Read it and see."

"But it's torn," Sue objected. "It doesn't make sense."

"I figured it out all right," said Shirley. "It begins, 'is Aunt Annie's husband,' and of course that means the ghost."

"Well, maybe," Sue agreed. She read the rest of the note and then handed it to Mrs. Draeger, who seemed to think she knew who wrote it. The note said:

is Aunt Annie's husband. The whole story of our romance is told in the first three records

on the high shelf. They are old and scratched, but we have both decided they shouldn't be thrown away. Change the names around and you will see for yourselves how they have been almost prophetic. The phonograph still works and, if you wish to do so, you may play them. Perhaps the music club would be interested. The key to the apartment is enclosed. This note will explain everything if you are seen going in. Perhaps I should tell you, in closing, that Robin is your loving Dad.

"So that's how it is," Mrs. Draeger said after studying the note for some moments. "I wouldn't have thought it of him, but I might have known I could never trust a man."

"A man? What man?" Sue asked, still completely puzzled.

"Why, Uncle Joe, of course," Shirley spoke up before Mrs. Draeger could answer. "The apartment really is haunted. I

"Something hit me, I guess," she explained dazedly, as she put one hand to her head.

keep telling you that old Granda and Grandma Durbin, down the hall, actually saw him. He probably covers himself with a sheet to keep from scaring people."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Draeger. "You've been seeing too many movies. If you want to know what I think, I'll tell

you. I think that one of those white-sheeted figures was your own sister Pam."

"Pam!" Shirley exclaimed, horrified. "And the other..."

"Never mind about the other," Mrs. Draeger interrupted grimly. "Perhaps it's better that you don't know. I can hardly believe it myself."

"It is Uncle Joe," Shirley whispered, "and she's afraid to tell us."

Sue sighed sorrowfully. "I wish I could think so. I'd ten million times rather believe it was a real ghost than think Pam would sneak off with Bob and play a mean trick like that."

"Maybe it's Billy, not Bob."

"It's probably both of them. They were here before," Sue said, to the astonishment of Mrs. Draeger who now looked as if she hardly knew what to believe. "and that voice is Bob's. I'm sure of it. I used to like him," she admitted. "But you're right, Mrs. Draeger. You can never trust a man. He's singing this last song on purpose to hurt me."

"It's Kathleen Mavourneen!" exclaimed Shirley, listening. "That was Mother's favorite. Her name was Kathleen."

"Your mother?" repeated Mrs. Draeger, and this time she looked really perplexed.

The voice that sounded so much like Bob Harper's had sung only the first two lines,

Kathleen Mavourneen! The gray dawn
is breaking;
The horn of the hunter is heard on
the hill...

when a loud bang interrupted the singing. It could have been a hunter's horn, so thunderous it was.

"Mrs. Draeger's right! Pam's in there!" Sue cried. "I heard her scream. Something's happened to her! Couldn't we call the police?"

"I see no need of that," Mrs. Draeger replied firmly. She found herself speaking to the air, for Sue and Shirley had both rushed out into the hall. They were just in time to see one of the ghosts departing. It had left the door wide open and the music had suddenly

stopped, leaving dead silence.

"Look!" Shirley exclaimed, pointing toward the open door. "We can go in."

Just then another crash dinned in their ears. Sue tiptoed across the floor and peered into the kitchen. All the lights were on, but she saw nothing. No phonograph, no shelf, no anything. There wasn't a sound at first. Then a strange drumming began. Sue suspected there was someone outside on the fire escape tapping a stick against the window, but when she raised the shade a little there was no one there.

"Come on, Sue, I'm scared," Shirley urged. "Pam isn't in here."

"She has to be here," Sue insisted, beginning to look behind doors. One corner of a sheet showed beneath a closet door. Sue was positive she heard a little moan coming from inside. She jerked the door open and started back with a cry.

"Pam! Pam! What happened to you?" she gasped as her sister dropped the sheet and staggered out. Pam leaned against the door and put one hand to her head where a lump was beginning to appear. "Something hit me, I guess," she explained dazedly.

"The ghost!" exclaimed Shirley. "I hear it over there by the window. Let's get out of here before we're all bopped on the head."

Sue agreed. She was in no mood to encounter any more ghosts and Pam refused to tell her anything.

"You'll know all about it tomorrow," she said mysteriously.

After Sue had doctored the bump on Pam's head, Pam crawled into bed and slept until noon the following day. Sue let her sleep. She had decided to ignore the fact that this was Saturday—the day of the music club party. It was Pam who brought up the subject. She answered a telephone call and came back to tell the girls

that everything was arranged.

"We simply have to go," she declared. "Mr. Draeger is taking us in the car and Mrs. Draeger is staying with Marty so that Shirley can go too. You know, she *was* invited."

"Do you mean it?" exclaimed Shirley, clasping her hands. "I did want to go. I only made believe I didn't because someone had to stay with Marty, but, what can I wear?"

"You might go in a sheet," Sue said with a meaning glance toward Pam.

Pam was properly surprised.



She's at it again!

This time Connie Martin and her gang solve the mystery of the stolen bicycles. Don't miss this two-part story of

MAYOR MARTIN'S DAUGHTER

starting in the issue of
CALLING ALL GIRLS
out next month

"Are you still puzzling your head over that?"

"Who wouldn't?" Sue demanded. "You wouldn't tell us anything. And even if you were trying to find out things, I don't see why you had to dress yourself up in a sheet and hide in a closet. You did dress up in a sheet, didn't you?"

"The ghost dressed me," confessed Pam. "It was better that way. You'll know why later."

"But what can I wear?" insisted Shirley who seemed to have forgotten the mystery in this new and all-absorbing

problem of a party dress.

"How about your graduation dress?" asked Pam. "I don't think you'll spoil it if you wear it just once before you graduate. You can wear my gold slippers. I'm going to wear my red sandals. I can't wear heels if I'm going to dance with Georgie Draeger."

"That drip? Who invited him?" demanded Sue.

"Billy did," Pam turned to Shirley. "You won't mind dancing with him, will you? After all, his father is taking us in the car. Dad is bringing us home. He and his wife are calling for us at midnight. He just told me on the telephone."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Shirley. "That means he's bringing her home to boss us around. We may as well go to the party and enjoy ourselves while we can."

At last Sue agreed. It turned out to be a perfect evening. There were few signs of spring in the city. But out in the suburbs it was different. It was Shirley who spied a lovely, low-built white house.

"Look!" she exclaimed. "Isn't it a dream? Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could live there instead of in that awful haunted apartment?"

"It certainly would be," Sue agreed, "but I wouldn't pick that house. Our stepmother used to live there. See the picket fence all around the garden? Mrs. Harper says that was to keep out children because she didn't like them. The Harpers' is just across the street."

Mr. Draeger stopped the car and the three girls piled out. Georgie Draeger followed them a little awkwardly. Mrs. Harper and her two boys greeted the young people at the door.

"Well, Cinderella!" Bob exclaimed, taking both of Sue's hands. "You did make it, after all, in spite of the jinx on your apartment. But I suppose you'll have to run away at twelve o'clock."

"You seem to know a lot about it," she retorted, pulling

away, "but it's true. We will have to leave at twelve. Dad and his new wife are calling for us. We intend to enjoy ourselves until then."

The concert was held in the big living room and the last number on the program was Bob Harper singing Annie Laurie with the band. He sang the slurred notes exactly as the ghost had sung them in Robin Adair. It must be the same voice, Sue decided.

The orchestra, made up entirely of boys from the club, began playing for the young people to dance as soon as the recital was over. Shirley and Pam made the most of the evening. But Sue was still disturbed over Bob's singing and treated him coldly.

"Come, aren't you going to dance even once with me?" he asked just before midnight.

"Why should I?" Sue said. "Your voice is exactly like the

voice that was singing in the empty apartment. Some people may care for them but personally I wouldn't want to be seen dancing with a ghost."

She turned to Georgie Draeger who asked her rather bashfully for a dance.

"There'll be singing again at midnight," he confided as he led her onto the floor.

"If Bob Harper is the singer," she replied coldly, "I'm sure I shall not care to listen."

Like Cinderella, she wanted to run away at midnight, to escape before all her prancing white horses changed into rats and her footmen into lizards.

The clock on the mantelpiece, chimed the hour of midnight. And as the last chime died away, Sue heard a car stop before the door.

"Dad and his new wife!" gasped Sue. She stopped dancing abruptly, almost colliding with Pam who was doing a

fancy step with Billy Harper.

"What's wrong?" Pam questioned innocently.

"Everything," declared Sue. "Maybe it's partly my fault for hiding your books in the first place, but at least I owned up to it. You were always quoting that spooky poetry and Marty's book was filled with stories about children with cruel stepmothers. I thought she would be frightened. But now I'm the one. I can't stand having some stranger come in and take our mother's place. And you're so mean. You won't even tell me the ghost wasn't Bob Harper."

"You wouldn't believe me if I told you it was a real ghost," Pam began, but her voice was drowned out in the clamor.

"Music! Music!" everybody was shouting. "Music for the bride and groom!"

(To be concluded next month)



"Aren't you going to dance even once with me?" Bob asked when it was nearly midnight, but Sue treated him coldly.



SAYING IT WITH MOVIE SHORTS

By
ELIZABETH NICHOLS
Movie Editor

DO you remember when most movie shorts were good only for laughter or interest? Remember a yin-yo? Now they take you all the way up to your seat and even going to the movies especially to catch an extra short that you've been hearing about. Do you know why? For one thing, the war makes shorts almost a household name and about entering them and winning for the various prizes more than doing from outside. Return of the Conqueror, the big picture in the shorts are now. They are a value you add to the scenes and the actors are always to be people not just. The shorts are

usually made in the same places they are—factory street corner school so that they rarely look like movie sets. Shorts about foreign countries are often shot by roving cameramen who are good reporters as well as movie makers. Above all, the shorts have immediate definite a say and say in a language all peoples can understand. That's why we call them friendly—they tell us true things about our selves our country and the other peoples of the world. They show us how much alike we are instead of dwelling on our differences as old time ravelogues did. In short they contribute to international understanding.

Walt Disney's Donald Duck returns to his role of income tax reminder in 'The Shell of 43'

- 1 William Sweeney brings the tears with his story and love of humanity in 'The Good Job' wherein a voice actor, M. McNally, discusses his customer's lives. MGM
- 2 A scandalous series of shorts called 'This Is America' in slogan. 'Broomtown, D.C.' story of wartime Washington from the point of view of the hardest of places, the 18th St.
- 3 'Famous' but even all over, so a soap-dish short by using the story of Aldrich family in a story of Washington's long adventure called 'The Aldrich Family Gets in the Soap.'
- 4 George Pal's Puppetoons are different from the usual anti-cold cartoon in that instead of drawings, a separate wooden doll is made for each slight movement as many as 1 being required in one sequence. The depth of the work is under a further investigation. The story and being too are delightfully creative and Technicolor adds beauty. Paramount
- 5 'The world's greatest story' is a picture in Warner's exquisite technique shorts of the Belle Rains de Monte Carlo. The Gay Parisian from Leonide Massine. M-G-M
- 6 'Pala Smith's Victory Ode' with brother 44-44. MGM
- 7 John Neschlin's 'Famous Parade' studies the influence of allusions on reality in 'The Magic Alphabet.' MGM
- 8 'World in Action' shorts are factual, timely and thrilling. Here are brave women in 'Fighting Freighters.' J.A.
- 9 'Little Isles of Freedom' tells how St. Pierre and Miquelon, French islands off the coast of Canada, refused to accept Vichy rule. It ended on the island with the people playing Mambo. It is a heartwarming story of true heroism. Warner.



DIGGING FOR VICTORY



You can be a farmerette in your own back yard and grow enough to keep your favorite family in vegetables

By DOROTHY V. SMITH
Assistant Extension Editor,
New Jersey College of Agriculture

DO you want a real down-to-earth war job? Then plant a victory garden—and that's no pun! Food is a weapon of war, and you can produce it if you have a sunny back yard with reasonably good soil, and the will to put plenty of work into it.

And if your back yard isn't large, don't let that stop you. It's surprising what you can raise on a ten-by-ten-foot plot. Last year 361,000 of the country's million and a half 4-H Club members were enrolled in victory gardening work. Their gardens varied in size from acres to the kind you could measure off in inches, but they produced 3,000,000 bushels of fresh vegetables. And don't think that didn't count in Uncle Sam's pantry!

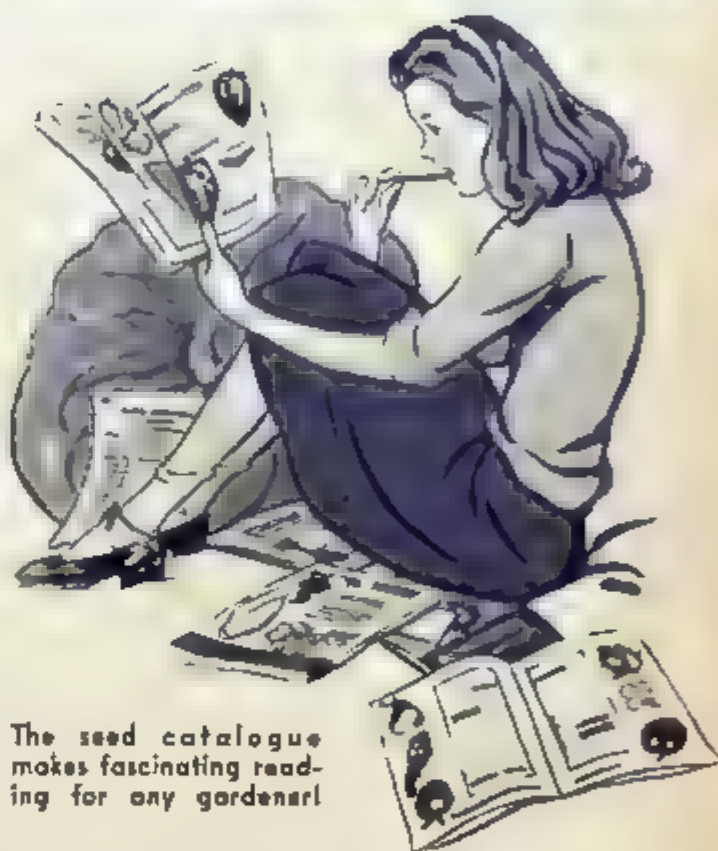
Experience isn't necessary either, provided you like puttering around with growing things. Eighteen-year-old Ruth High-brown had never grown vegetables until last year, and her garden not only won her a blue ribbon in the 1942 New Jersey 4-H garden project but it also kept her family and many of her neighbors in Millburn, New

Jersey, well supplied with fresh produce all summer.

Ruth's garden was large — approximately 100 by 185 feet—so her family helped her with the planting and the weeding and all the other chores her miniature farm required. The first one was forking by hand enough ground to get started, since men with plows and nothing to do were scarce even last spring.

"And did I get blisters on my hands!" Ruth exclaimed with actual pride, admitting that even with blisters it was fun. But the best part of it all, she said, came when she could walk down the neat rows and pick vegetables for her customers who had called up and left their orders.

The list of different vegetables Ruth included in her garden reads like a seed catalogue, and her carefully kept records show she produced enough to keep her family in fresh vegetables



The seed catalogue makes fascinating reading for any gardeners!

all summer, enough to can for winter use, and enough to sell to townspeople at a profit of nearly fifty dollars. But still Ruth hopes to enlarge her garden plot so that it's nearly twice the size of last year's.

Of course you'll have to enlist the help of your family, too, if you want to go into the business on Ruth's scale. Or better still, you might get a few friends together and have a cooperative garden.

You can rest assured, there'll be no lack of sound advice—not with victory gardening fast becoming the great American pastime! In some sections, the Office of Civilian Defense has

established a local garden committee as part of the war service program. Find out if this is true in your town, and get acquainted with your nearest committee member. Another person you should know, especially if you live in or near a rural area, is your county agricultural agent. He can supply you with pamphlets and with much valuable information, and his services won't cost you a cent. He's paid by the government, and likely as not you'll find his office located in the county seat.

The right things to plant and the right time to plant them vary according to the part of the country in which you live. But one good way to find out when to start is to squeeze some soil in your hand. If it crumbles when you release your grip, the ground is dry enough to be worked. It's not ready if the ball of soil remains tightly packed.

If you take Ruth's advice, and that of most garden authorities, you'll have your soil tested. Your county agent can tell you how and where you can have this done. Soil tests are designed to determine acidity, which just means whether you ought to add lime or not, and if so how much. Lime applied in the right amounts makes almost any soil a better plant-growing medium.

The goal to aim for where soil is concerned is what farmers call "loamy," one that's not too heavy or too sandy. If yours isn't already that way, you can improve it by adding well-rotted manure, leaf mold, rotted grass clippings, or any other decomposed organic matter. Spread it evenly over the ground and dig it in to a depth of ten to twelve inches—provided your topsoil goes that deep—never dig deep enough to mix subsoil with the topsoil. This procedure not only improves the texture of the soil, but also conserves moisture. (It does a nice job on your figure, too—you'll find out why when you go to work with the spading fork!)

Next comes the matter of fer-
(Continued on page 48)



Can you keep a secret?

Do you know how to avoid those embarrassing, tell-tale outlines that give away a girl's most intimate secret? Know how to keep as dainty as fresh-ironed dotted swiss...even on "difficult days?" The booklet *As One Girl To Another* tells how!



Do you ever wonder?

Are you sometimes puzzled about what to do...and not to do...on certain days of the month? Could you use some up-to-date advice about swimming, hiking, tennis, bathing, dancing, and social contacts? Then send for the booklet *As One Girl To Another* and learn the latest rules! The makers of Kotex* sanitary napkins have arranged for you to get this booklet absolutely free! Send for it today.



Now that high altitude makes you terribly thirsty? Well, they call it. Who wouldn't want an ice-cold Cola not only quenches thirst, it adds refreshment and taste...a deliciousness all its own. And count on. Makes you glad you were thirsty."



Of course, there are times and times. But it is a question of ways, as well as means. When Bill asks you out, there's no question at all. He pays and you'd only enrage and embarrass him by being insistent.

You know he's not flush? You can help out smoothly by suggesting that you walk to wherever you are going: "It's such a lovely evening and I love the smell of spring!" When he asks you what movie you want to see, choose the one that costs least and say something about how much better you can see from the balcony. If you stop by for refreshments, without being obvious notice the price before you order. You'll win his gratitude without injuring his vanity, and if your company has been fun, you will have more than carried your share of expenses.

If Bill has taken you out a number of times and you feel that turnabout is fair play, invite him to your house for dinner, or for an evening of games and refreshment. Or when your girls' club plans its annual

CHECK AND DOUBLE CHECK

Times have changed, but there are gestures the male still cherishes. Let the boy friend pay, but make the paying painless

By ELENA CHANCE
Who Knows Her Do's and Don'ts

HOW modern is modern? You don't have to blush every time a boy looks your way or faint, necessary with, provided you like putting around with growing things. Eighteen-year-old Ruth High-brown had never grown vegetables until last year, and her garden not only won her a blue ribbon in the 1942 New Jersey 4-H garden project but it also kept her family and many of her neighbors in Millburn, New

Jersey? You pay your way and even pays his? Or he pays both? But the best gently here! Sure, said, came when in a world where down the neat everything vegetables, for weather fore- who had called up are still some stures the male orders.

The list of different paying the bill Ruth included one of them. By reads like a seed streamlined her carefully kept insisting that she produced enough you may her family in fre—alone.

dance, let Bill be your bid. It is natural for you to pay for the ticket. Or when Dad comes through with passes for a show or a baseball game, remember Bill and ring him in on the fun for free.

Bill's birthday rolls around and you remember all the good times he has shown you, all the hoarded allowances he has spent on you. You want to come through and show him a time. Why not a party in his honor? Make it an extra-special party and you'll see how delighted he'll be. You plan and arrange the refreshments and he'll get a new slant on you. Make the games different, too, so that Bill's birthday

party will go down in the gang's history as Al. Or if you want to go all out and the parents agree, perhaps you plan a dinner party at a restaurant. Make arrangements beforehand for payment. Unless told otherwise, the waiter will give Bill the check as a matter of course. If you've decided on a theater party, hand Bill the tickets before you start out.

You and Bill are old-timers now, with lots of shared occasions to remember. A Big Event takes the town by storm and you both long to go—together. But the price of admittance sets him back on his heels. This time maybe you can agree to make it a Dutch treat. If you do it casually, and when you are alone with Bill, his masculine dignity won't be upset. But give him your share of the wherewithal before you go. He'd rather go alone than have to accept money from you in public.

There are times when you are on your own. If you and Bill take the same bus every day you shouldn't expect him to pay your fare. Have your nickel in hand, ready to drop into the cash box so that he'll know you don't expect anything of him. But if you run into Harry once in a blue moon at the bus station and he offers to pay your fare, accept graciously. Lunches are in the same league as far as rules are concerned. If the gang collects at the Emporium after school every day, your coke is on you unless Bill or Harry or Gene specifically invites you to have one. Occasions when the gang goes out together usually call for Dutch treatment. You might raise the point before you start, so that it's clear to everyone, just to be on the safe side.

Yes, many customs have changed since Grandmother was a girl, but some have carried over and if you try to flaunt these tried and true traditions, you won't get to first base. You can get around them or compromise with them smoothy-wise, but let your male sense be your guide!

ASK THE PARATROOPER

"WONDER WHAT THAT FELLOW THINKS ABOUT ON THE WAY DOWN"

"HOPE THERE'S A COCA-COLA WAITING FOR ME"

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"Did you know that high altitude makes you terribly thirsty? 'Dehydrates', they call it. Who wouldn't want an ice-cold Coke. Coca-Cola not only quenches thirst, it adds refreshment, too. And taste . . . a deliciousness all its own. And quality you count on. Makes you glad you were thirsty."



SANDWICH THESE IN

Take a lesson from the drugstore counter-
man and whip up sandwich fillings that are filling

By JANE RICHARDS
Food Editor

CHICKEN in the hay! Can-
nibal! Grind a doggy! A
dog to go for a walk! BT
down! American burned!

Maybe some of these pictur-
esque phrases for sandwiches
have a familiar ring because
you're interested in drugstore
double-talk, or maybe you
know what they mean just be-
cause you enjoy good things to
eat. But even if a counter-man's
double-talk is not your passion,
it's a handy thing to have some
of his sandwich-language up
your sleeve. For if you're not
packing your own lunch the
chances are lots of other times
will pop up when sandwiches
are wanted. It's fun to be on
the lookout for new sandwich
fillings. Then when it's your
turn to bring sandwiches to a
meeting or a party your spreads
will really help to make it a
Spread!

If you're the counter-man in
your family—in other words if
it's your job to hustle up sand-
wiches occasionally—remember
that lunch boxes have changed.
Nowadays, if we know our
stuff, we don't spurn hearty
sandwiches but we also pack
variety and crispiness in with
them! Pack in carrot or white
turnip sticks, for instance, cole

slaw or lettuce rolls, or water-
cress, or stuffed celery.

It's fun, too, to take your cue
from the corner drugstore and
use convenient small glass jars
or paper containers with tight-
fitting lids in which to put some
of these edibles. These con-
tainers are also for cooked
fruits, or puddings with sauces,
or gelatin desserts, or what
have you. Maybe you like to
use your vacuum bottle for a
milk shake; but sometimes,
just for a change, put in some
steaming savory soup and see
how well that goes down!

Remember that a sandwich
is as good as the way it's
wrapped. So fold yours into
neat little waxed paper pack-
ages. Or if you are making a
lot of them for a party and
they can go in the refrigerator
for a few hours, cover them
with a wet tea towel. Put the
towel under the water tap first,
then wring it out well.

Here are two hearty sandwich
fillings you will love. Lorraine
Wicht, of Denver, Colorado,
gets a prize for the first one,
and Janet Kendall, of Mt. Gay,
Logan, West Virginia, for the
second. When you start spread-
ing these fillings on your sand-
wiches remember these points:

1—Have a clear space for
spreading out the bread. Let
the slices match each other.

2—Bread at least a day old
is easier to slice thin than
fresher bread.

3—Use butter that has been
softened by working it with
the back of a spoon until it is
creamy. Spread the butter and
filling up to the edges of the
bread.

4—Salad greens that have
been washed, drained, and dried
are a delicious addition to any
sandwich.

SAVORY WALNUT FILLING

- 1 4½ or 7 oz. can (1 cup) tuna fish
- 1 cup cooked flaked white-meated fish
- ½ cup finely chopped walnuts
- ¼ cup (4 tablespoons) sweet relish or
finely chopped pickle
- ¼ cup (4 tablespoons) finely chopped
green pepper or parsley
- Dash of salt
- ¼ teaspoon paprika
- ¼ cup (4 tablespoons) mayonnaise or
salad dressing

1—Get out ingredients listed
above.

2—Get out utensils needed:
can opener; mixing bowls;
chopping board or bowl; small
sharp knife; measuring cups
and spoons; table knife.

3—Put cooked flaked white-
meated fish or canned tuna fish
in mixing bowl; if tuna is not
the grated or flaked style mash
it with a fork.

4—Chop nuts fine; chop
pickles if they are being used
rather than relish; chop green
pepper or parsley very fine.

5—Add nuts, pickles or relish, green pepper or parsley, salt, paprika, and salad dressing to fish. Mix well. Taste and add more salt if necessary.

6—Makes about 2 cups filling, enough for 10 to 12 full-sized sandwiches.

HAM SALAD FILLING

Cooked ham ($\frac{3}{4}$ cup ground fine)
1 hard-cooked egg
 $\frac{1}{4}$ of a large green pepper
1 medium-sized dill pickle
1 teaspoon celery seed or 1 stalk fresh celery
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup ($\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons) mayonnaise or salad dressing

1—Get out ingredients listed above.

2—Get out utensils needed. food chopper; chopping board; small sharp knife; measuring cups and spoons; table knife; fork; 2 small mixing bowls.

3—If egg is not already cooked, put in cold water in a saucepan; bring water to the summing point (almost boiling), reduce heat, and simmer for 20 minutes. Plunge egg into cold water as soon as you remove it from the stove.

4—Put enough lean cooked ham through fine blade of food chopper to make $\frac{3}{4}$ cup. Run green pepper through, along with ham, into one of the mixing bowls.

5—Put second clean bowl under chopper. Run pickle through chopper into it. Pour off any pickle juice.

6—If fresh celery is used chop it fine with knife. Do not put it through food chopper.

7—Slice and mash egg very fine with fork.

8—Mix ham and green pepper with pickle, celery seed or chopped celery, mashed egg, and salad dressing.

9—Makes about $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups filling, enough for 8 to 12 full-sized sandwiches, depending on how thick bread is cut. Less filling is needed for thin bread.

Our readers will be glad to know that Frances Long, part of whose story, taken from *LIFE Magazine*, we told in picture form in the February issue of *CALLING ALL GIRLS*, is writing a book, *Yankee Girl*. It is scheduled for fall publication by Farrar & Rinehart.

LET'S TALK THINGS OVER

(Continued from page 23)

Parents usually try to be just and fair, not expecting too much from older children nor favoring the younger ones too much. They try to divide things and work them out in such a way that the needs of all are considered and no one is unjustly treated. Of course there are times when one child may need things more urgently than another; but things do even themselves out when everyone wants everyone else to have a rightful share of all the love and thoughtfulness in a family.

I am a fussy eater which I am very slowly getting over. Why can't I be left to cultivate by myself a taste for those things I don't like? Why must I learn how to like something the first time I see it?—Frieda J., aged 12, New York.

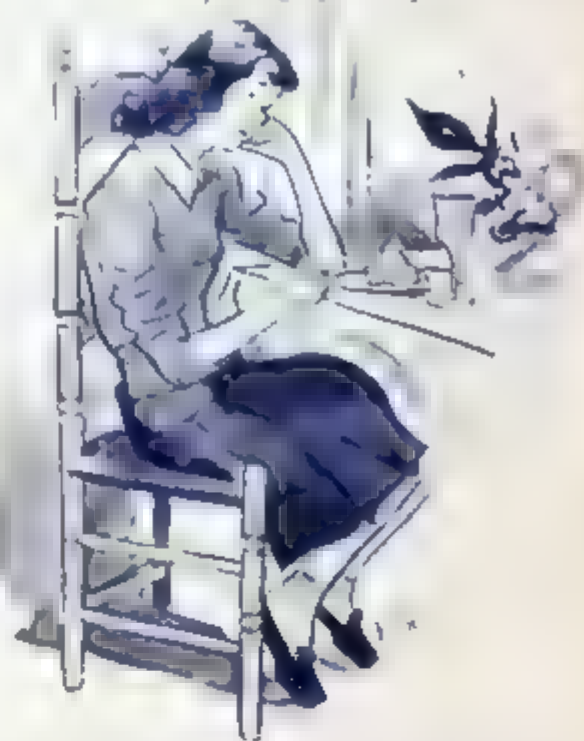
RECOGNIZING a problem or difficulty is usually half the battle. And so when Frieda writes us that she is a "fussy eater" we are sure she realizes that she's going to have to do something to help herself become more adaptable. Especially now, during wartime, it is very important to learn to make many adjustments. We may be obliged to modify our ways of eating and to learn to relish many good foods, which we all need to keep us going.

Eating very small portions of new, unfamiliar dishes helps a good deal. It takes time to succeed, of course. We hope that Frieda's mother will be willing to give her this chance to learn.

Frieda might also help with the cooking and meal planning. She will learn to realize that it is not simple for a mother to plan too varied a menu, which will suit the special tastes of every member of the family.

We are girls about fifteen. As we go to an all-girl school we have no chance of meeting any fellows. We have heard that there are some co-ed clubs that afford chances for sports like bowling, ping-pong, basketball.

How can you get down something you don't like?



We wish you'd tell us if you know of anything like this.—Eva S., aged 15, New York.

EVA and her friends are wise in wanting to participate in suitable activities during their out-of-school hours.

Since they live in a large city it should not be difficult to find good clubs or groups, and we suggest that they get their parents' consent and then consult such people as their school-teachers, community center workers, the neighborhood librarian, and the staffs of organizations like the Camp Fire Girls, Girl Scouts, and the Y. W. C. A. or the Y. W. H. A. Although many such organizations sponsor separate girls' and boys' clubs or classes, they often arrange for joint meetings or gatherings, dances, athletic events so that girls and boys may get to know one another.

There are many useful, needed things they can do, too. Perhaps a group like the local Office of Civilian Defense can help these girls to find ways and means of being of service at least during part of their leisure time. Help may be needed, for example, in learning to take care of the children of working mothers after school hours, in serving as messengers, in collecting scrap; or other ways.

EVERYBODY'S talking about "Share the Meat" and "Share the Ride" these days. You want to do your part, too, but does that mean you have to start a circulating library of all your possessions? Maybe the girl in the washroom happens to forget her lipstick and comb, so you hand out yours just because you haven't backbone enough to say "no" in a nice way. Pretty soon you've lost track of your comb altogether, and you have to hunt for somebody else who's willing to peddle hers. Right about now, you're well on the way to losing the personal touch that means so much to your own smoothness.

Good looks are the most personal possession you have. Only you can keep your skin soft, your figure trim, and your clothes in shipshape condition. Unless your good looks have that *personal touch*, you become just a rubber stamp of somebody else and you will never make an unforgettable mark!

Just suppose you took the same pride in turning yourself out as the girl who works in a plane factory takes in the job she does. Girl riveters and welders buy their own tools, take care of them, and carry them with as much pride as you feel toward your favorite date dress. It's actually owning the tools that helps these girls to "keep 'em flying."

And it's the same pride that leads a girl to good looks when she owns her own brush and comb and wears only her own clothes. But, as an added attraction, there's the question of better health in your case. The tools you work with are a toothbrush, a hairbrush and comb, a clothes brush, and your own kind of lipstick, shampoo, and deodorant. And toothpaste, of course, though in these times it's more patriotic to buy family sizes of anything that's metal.

The "behind the scenes" routine is important, too, as the girl in the plane factory knows. Tools that are kept clean and in apple-pie order do the best work. And a comb and brush

That Personal Touch

"What's yours is yours, and what's mine is mine alone" is a good rule to follow when it comes to intimate accessories

By NELL GILES

Author of "Susan, Be Smooth"

need a bath as often as your hair.

First of all, it's a good idea to remove as much stray hair as you can from your brush with your hand. Next, fill the basin with water that's only as warm as your face can stand. Good hairbrush bristles should not be washed in very hot water because they'll get soft and spineless. Cake soap is too hard to wash out of bristles, so use a few drops of liquid shampoo or

soap flakes if they are thoroughly dissolved.

When your brush is bubbling with soapy lather, use it to wash your comb. And this should be an up and down job, same as brushing your teeth. Then rinse all the soap out of the brush and comb by holding them under the cold water faucet until the bristles squeak and the teeth are perfectly clean. A comb can be patted dry in a few shakes by slap-



She forgot her comb, but why hand over yours? Haven't you the backbone to say "no" in a firm but nice way?



A comb and brush need a bath just as often as your hair, and there's nothing like your own good-looks shelf for keeping equipment shipshape.

ping it against a rough towel. A hairbrush is dry enough to do your hair by the time you've rubbed it over a towel twice. You will have about enough water left in it to make your hair just right for pinning up with bobby pins.

After your equipment is thoroughly clean and ready for action, you'll want a safe place in which to keep it. What's an easier way of setting the stage for your personal glamour than by arranging your good looks department in a handy place—just where you'll use it most often? You might begin by staking a claim to that extra bit of space in the family bathroom, or there's certainly some spare space in your own bedroom. Then make a neat small shelf for yourself. If it's glass, polish it regularly. If it's wood, paint it with your pet color and keep it spotless. You might try initialing your brush and comb, and pasting name tags on each bottle, jar, or tube as warning to borrowers. Take inventory of your stock regularly, so that you won't be just collecting

empty bottles. Now you're ready to go to work on your make-up at a moment's notice and no time wasted.

Good looks are so personal that they're worth an extra amount of attention. A hairbrush that's within easy reach when you want it, a small jar of cold cream that's just right for your skin, a lipstick in your special color—these little things lend the personal touch that keeps 'em smiling for you.

You need not feel like a hoarder when you refuse to share your personal equipment. The innocent-looking items that are supposed to be your allies in your all-out effort for good looks, will turn traitor if you trade them around. Even the most immaculately kept combs, brushes, powder-puffs, and lipsticks can become dangerous carriers of germs and skin infections. Keep in mind that you are being fair to your friends as well as to yourself when you make your motto about good-looks tools: What's yours is yours and what's mine is mine alone!

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GET HIS
OKAY?



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GADGETS FOR GIRLS



They're new. They're original. They're dreamed up by girls with ideas and imagination, and they're fun to make!

Make Your Own!—Don't moan when you haven't enough money for these few odds and ends you need. Just pull out the old ingenuity and make them yourself. For instance, you can make a snazzy bracelet from an old spiral notebook wire. Slip some charms on the loops and twist the ends together. You will find it a very different bracelet—until your friends start copying you!—*Felice Berman, Brooklyn, N. Y.* No compact? Well, get a 10c box of powder and punch a few pin holes in the celluloid. Put a small powder puff in the box.—*Virginia Bartels, Dubuque, Ia.*

Sock-It-Away Bank—Find or cut a small round piece of wood. Make a slit in it about an inch long and wide enough for money to fit through. Then take an odd sock and tack it by the cuff on the piece of wood. The money, of course, goes in the sock and when you want to get it out, just take the tacks out. You'll like this tricky bank so much that you'll find you want to fill it in a hurry.—*Joyce Cawley, Manchester, N. H.*

Wax You Can Wear—There's life in your old candles yet, so don't throw them away. Collect as many different colored ones as you can find. Light them and catch the drippings in a dish of cold water. When you have a lot of drippings floating around in the water, drop a big blob of one color right in the center. Pour out the water, arrange the small drippings evenly around the center piece in two layers, and fasten a pin in the back before the wax dries. Presto—you have a nifty brooch fit for a queen.—*Eleanor Joy McVicar,*

\$1 will be paid for each Gadget for Girls published

SEND as many Gadgets as you like, with or without rough drawings. Neatness, art work, literary style do not count. Gadgets are chosen for originality and for probable interest to other girls. State your full name, address, age. Address Gadgets for Girls, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 32 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y. All entries become the property of CALLING ALL GIRLS. They cannot be acknowledged or returned.

Alpend, Mich. Want to cook yourself a smooth necklace? Here's how. Melt a large piece of candle wax in a frying pan. Then let it stand until cool enough to touch. Mold the letters of your name, leaving a little square of wax at the top of each letter. Poke a hole with a darning needle in the center of each square, and string the letters on a piece of gaily colored yarn. You might alternate the colors of the letters, too, for variety.—*Connie Helme, Prince Albert, Sask.*

Brighten Up Your Bedroom—Here's a keen idea for giving new life to pictures of your friends. Instead of buying a frame that's just the right size, get one a few inches too big. Take some yarn and embroider the name of your friend on the top of a piece of white or colored cloth. Cover the backing of the picture against it, and slip the whole thing into the frame. It's colorful when standing on your dresser.—*Barbara Smart, Holbrook, Mass.* If you use your ingenuity you don't need cat's eyes to find your way around in the dark. Just paint your bedroom slippers and the doorknob with white paint, and the trail is blazed for you.—*Ellen Garrison, Bridgeton, N. J.*



Nancy and Dolores in front-laced Princess frocks by Petiteen enjoy a jam session with the Korn Kobblers, famous comedy orchestra. Dolores', left, is butcher "linen," about \$8; Nancy's, right, is checked seersucker, about \$6.

Solid Stuff

FOR TINY TEENS

By NANCY PEPPER, Fashion Editor

JUDGING by your letters, you teen and sub-teen girls certainly have your fashion problems. Recently we showed you the right clothes for chubby girls; this month we take up the case of the Tiny Teens, those pint-sized gals who want to look their age, even if they are small. With Nancy Frankel (15 and not quite five feet high) and Dolores Conlon (14 and just five feet) for our models, we selected dresses in the special small teen sizes that are now available in girls' wear departments of leading stores. "They are styled for our ages and sized for our figures," said the girls. "Solid stuff," said the boys.

Petiteen frocks on this page at R. H. Macy, New York City, Wurzburg's, Grand Rapids, Mich., and Gimbel Bros. Milwaukee, Wis. Teenette frocks at Martin's, Brooklyn, N. Y. For stores in your city, send stamped, addressed envelope to Nancy Pepper, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.

Give the Korn Kobblers' New Instrument a Name and
WIN WAR STAMPS!

\$5 First Prize
\$2.50 Second Prize
\$1 Third, Fourth, and Fifth Prizes

[It's made of washboards and horns (see it directly below) and it sounds something like Donald Duck. You can really play any song on it by squeezing the right horn at the right time. Just write down one or more names for this new instrument with a sentence of not more than 25 words telling why you are buying as many War Stamps as you can. State your name, address, and age. The contest is open to girls of any age and size. Neatness and spelling do not count. Prizes in war stamps are awarded for originality and suitability of names and for the sentiment expressed in your 25-word sentence. Mail in your contest answers to Name Contest, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y. before May 5, 1943. All entries become the property of CALLING ALL GIRLS. They cannot be acknowledged or returned.



Above, top, jacket and skirt in checked rayon taffeta, right for Nancy's tiny figure. Teenette fashion, about \$8. Below, Dolores wears a trim seersucker suit by Petiteen, about \$6, while enjoying the antics of the Korn Kobblers' bass fiddler.

Our Hi-Style Scouts DOTE ON DIRNDLS



Want to stagger the stag line with 2½ yards of plaid rayon taffeta, 2½ yards of taffeta ribbon, and 1¾ yards of eyelet piqué? Above: 16-year-old Shirley Elman in her prom prize.



WHEN a recent questionnaire on teen spring fashion preferences showed that 92 per cent of our Hi-Style Scouts dote on dirndls we asked Advance Patterns to design a basic dirndl skirt and "peasanty" blouse that practically ANY girl could make for herself. Here's the happy result of our collaboration in both long and short versions, made up by the R. H. Macy Dressmaking Centre.



Advance Pattern, Blouse, No. 5049—Sizes 10 to 18. Costs 10c. Skirt, No. 2744—Sizes 24 in. to 32 in. waist line. Costs 15c. May be obtained from your local dealer or by sending cash to the Fashion Department, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y. State pattern number and size.

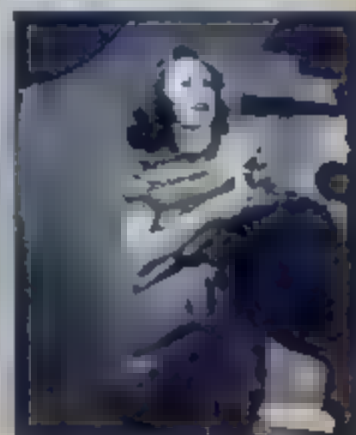
For free copy of Advance Fashion News, send stamped, addressed envelope to Nancy Pepper, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.

Start a Scrap Happy club and have all the girls contribute odd scraps of materials. Each girl can pick enough scraps to make this dirndl skirt, modeled by 12-year-old Jackie Brookes.



Hi-Style Scout

Dolores Rodriguez, Long Island City High, wears her Hi-Style Scout emblem on her Glenwear Pixie blouse. Write Nancy Pepper for Hi-Style Scout information.



Cover Girl

Meet Penny Balcom, 17-year-old Conover model photographed by William Ward for our front cover in a Regal sports shirt. Her lipstick is Louis Philippe's Pandora. Penny is another of the teen-age models-in-the-making who have made their debut on the cover of CALLING ALL GIRLS.



Cues for Crocheters

Dandy for dirndls—and so easy to crochet in mercerized cotton. For free instruction sheets, send stamped, addressed envelope to Nancy Pepper, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.



SET for Spring into Summer

HERE'S a complete washable wardrobe, all ready for you to interchange to suit any occasion—from digging to dating. "Blue Streak" is the appropriate name for these six teen-size "separates."



**YOUR GO-WITH-
EVERYTHING SHIRT**—and it's made plenty long to wear inside or outside your waistband. Comfortable no matter how high and wide you stretch for that lob. About \$2.

**YOUR PLEATED
SHORTS**—You'll cut a fine figure on the courts in these. Smoothly fitted over the tummy, crisply flared below. About \$2.

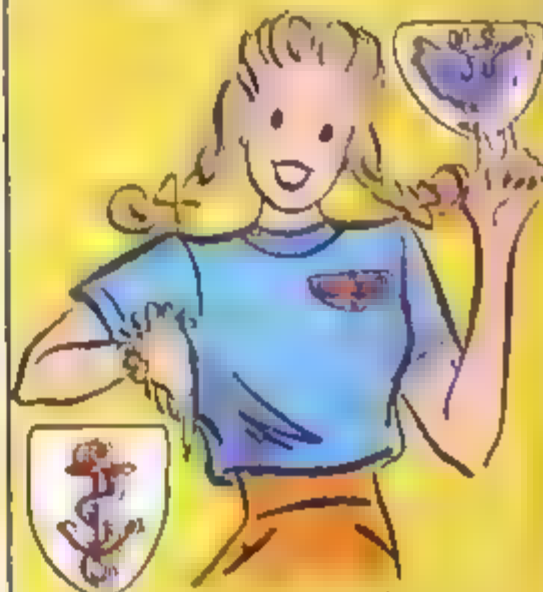
YOUR SUMMER SUIT—About \$6 complete. Jacket and skirt go with other "separates."

All six "separates" by Touraine, in blue and white Sanforized cotton, stitched in red. At Lord & Taylor, New York City; F. & R. Lazarus, Columbus; Wm. Taylor, Cleveland; Gimbel, Milwaukee. For store in your town send stamped, addressed envelope to Nancy Pepper, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.

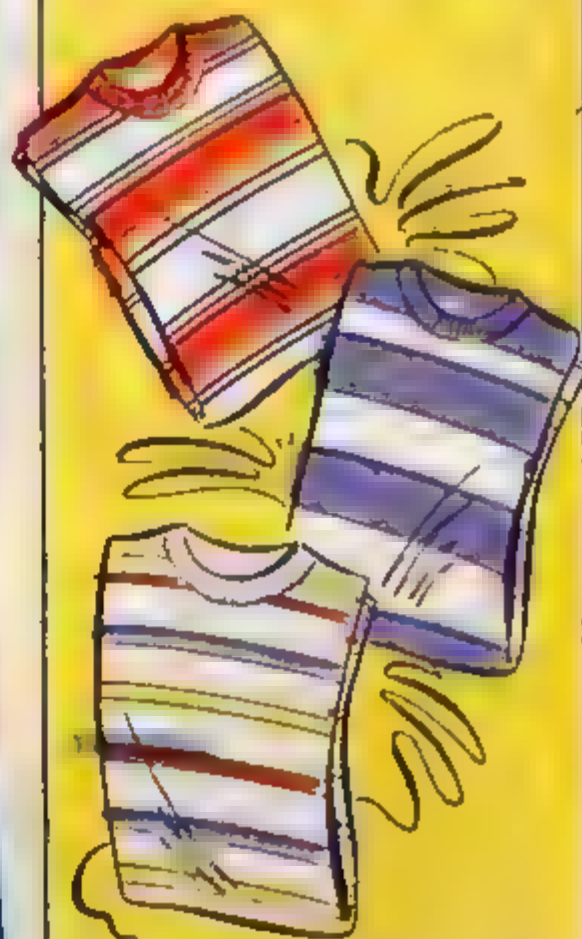
**YOUR PEDAL-PUSH-
ERS**—You're up to date in long shorts—or would you call 'em "short longs"? They're wonderfully becoming, and comfortable. Try 'em on. About \$2.50.

**YOUR SLICK
SLACKS**—Tailored as carefully as a man's trousers. Top them with the jacket for a smart slack suit this summer. About \$3.

Cotton Knit Shirts are TOPS



COLLECT cotton knit shirts for summer the way you collect sweaters for winter. Start with some plain colored shirts and decorate them to suit yourself with Press-On Mending Tape. Just cut out the designs and iron 'em on. They will stay there 'for keeps. Military emblems are terrific—or, you can cut out your club or sorority insignia.



Lots of girls have asked us about special club outfits. The big idea is to get something distinctive, but certainly not expensive. Aren't these striped cotton knit shirts the very thing? Have all the girls select the same striping and wear it with a white skirt. These Regal shirts in sharp stripes or plain colors are only about \$1.25, in your pet teen department.

OUT OF THE DARK

THE TRUE STORY OF A 21-YEAR-OLD BLIND GIRL, MARY MURPHY, WHOSE SEEING FINGERS ENDED A WAR PLANT BOTTLENECK



TOTALLY BLIND SINCE SHE WAS SEVEN, MARY HAS BEEN CARED FOR BY HER DEVOTED SISTERS...

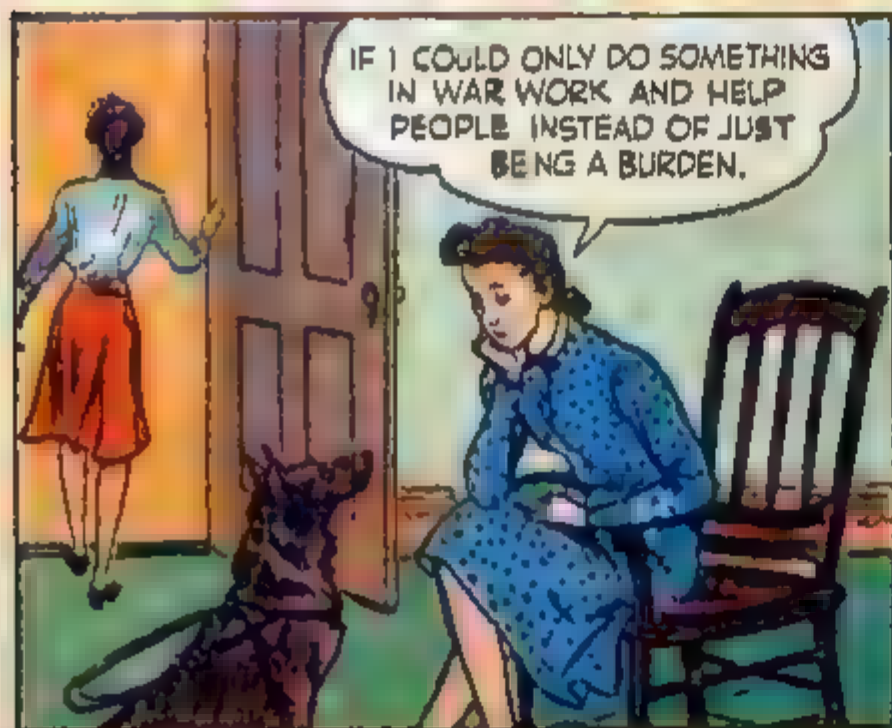
WILL YOU FIX MARY'S BREAKFAST, SIS? I HAVE TO DASH.

SURE, BUT I MUST HURRY, TOO.

I WISH YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO BOTHER WITH ME.

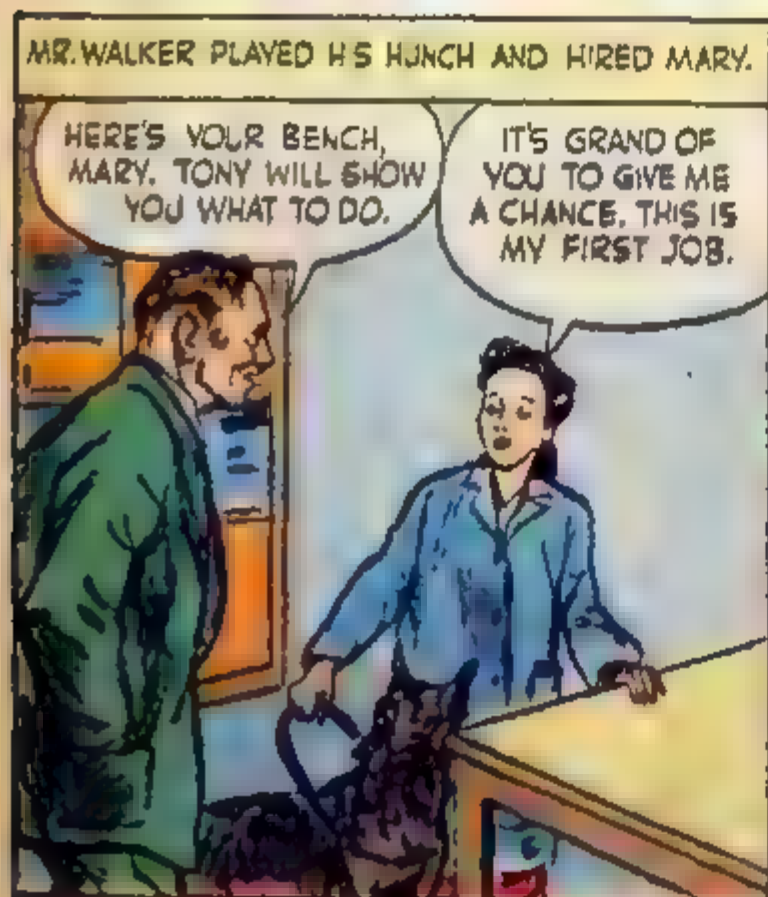
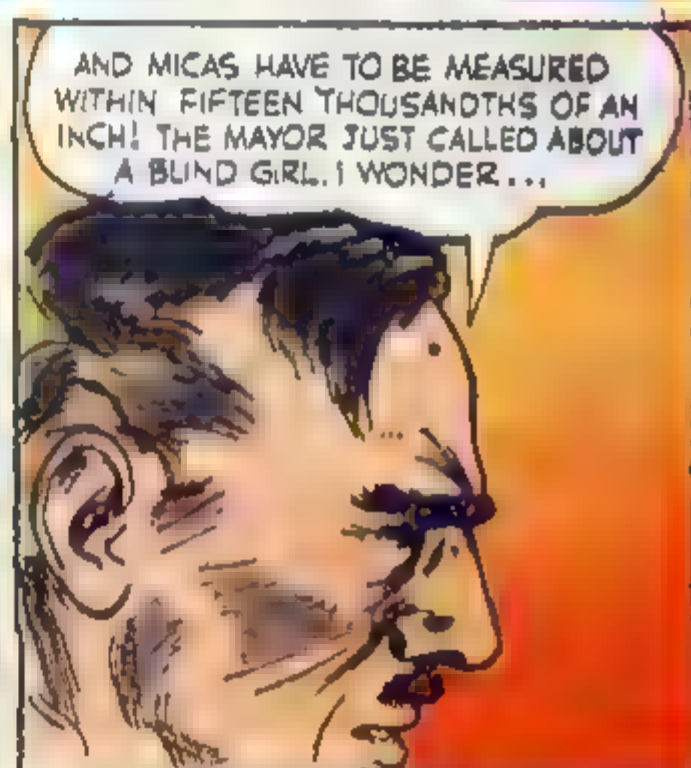
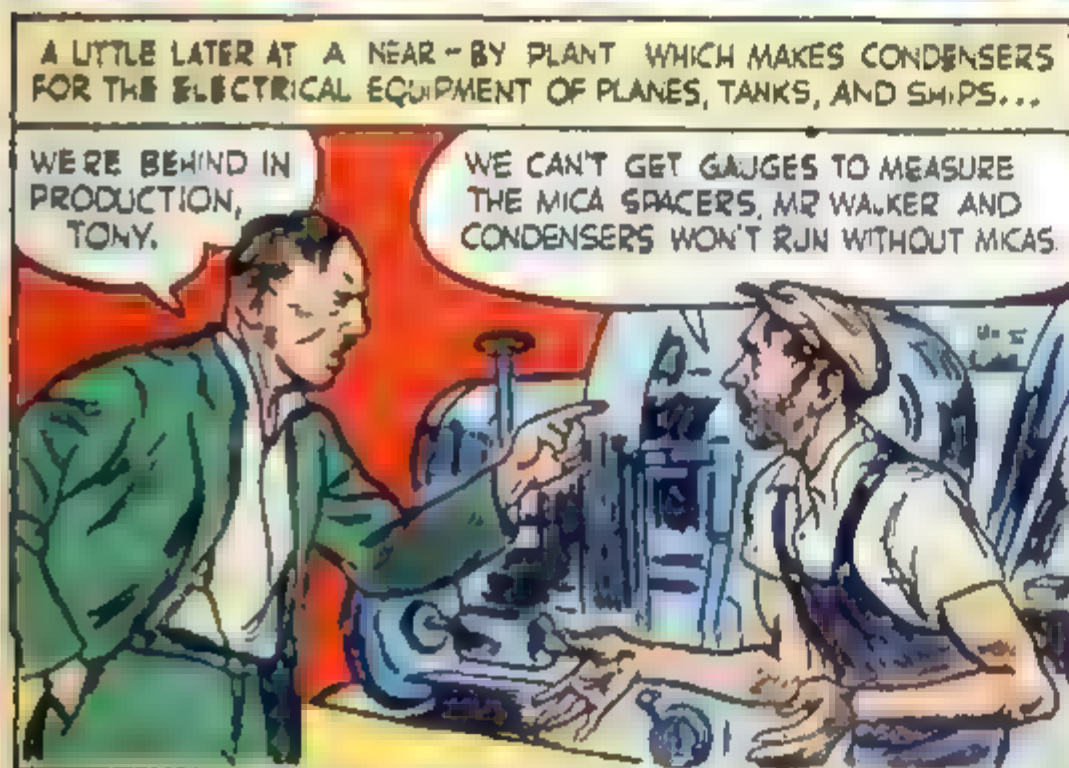
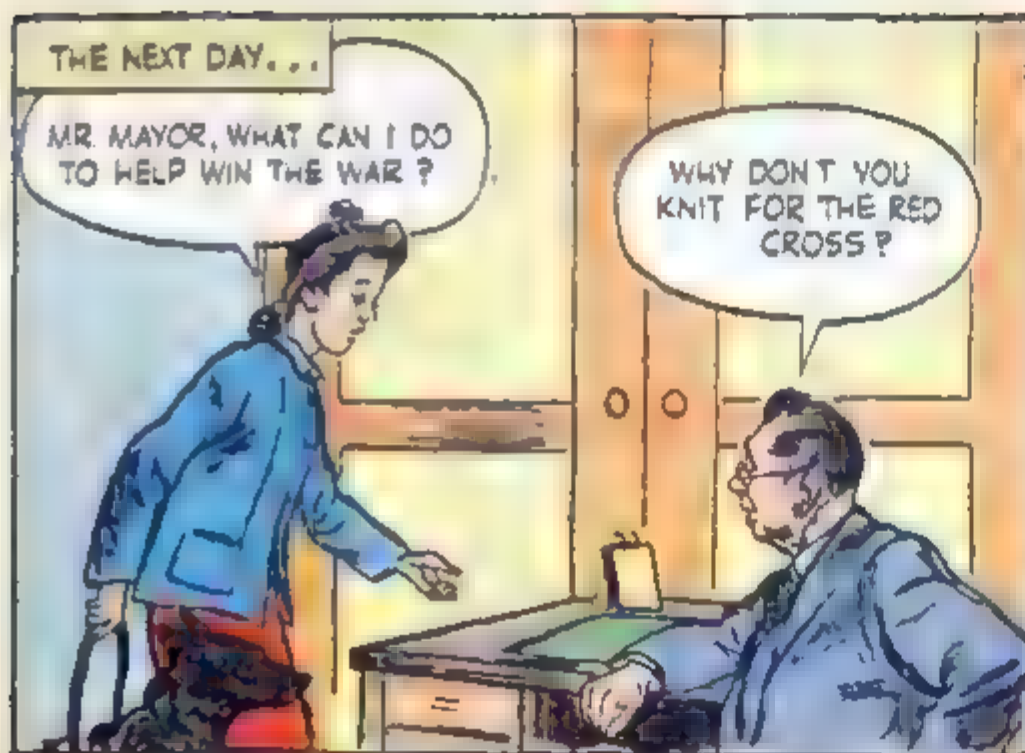


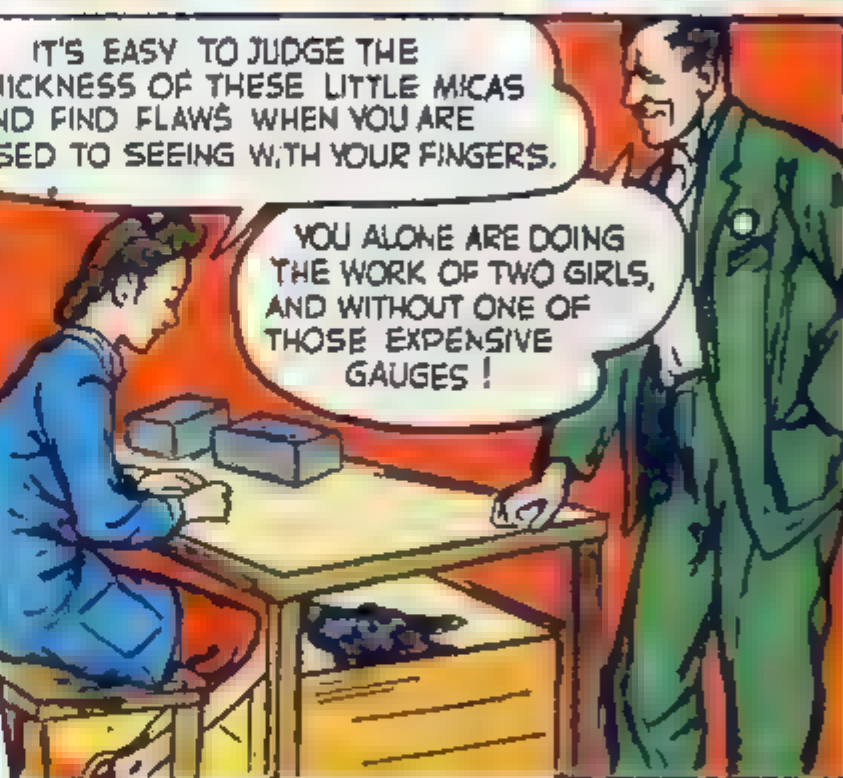
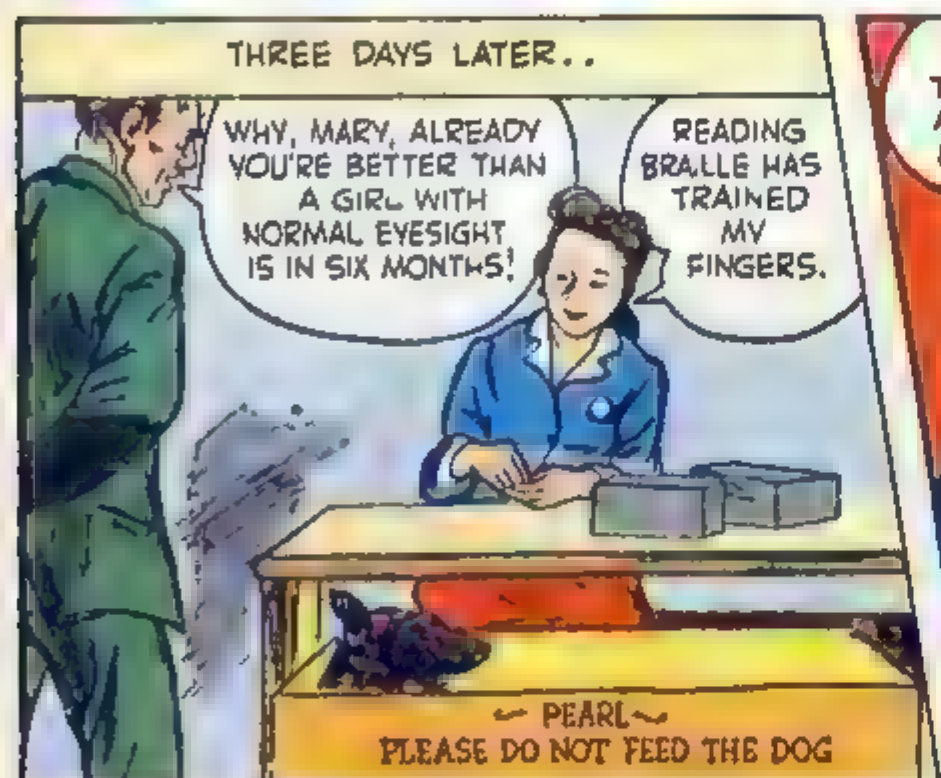
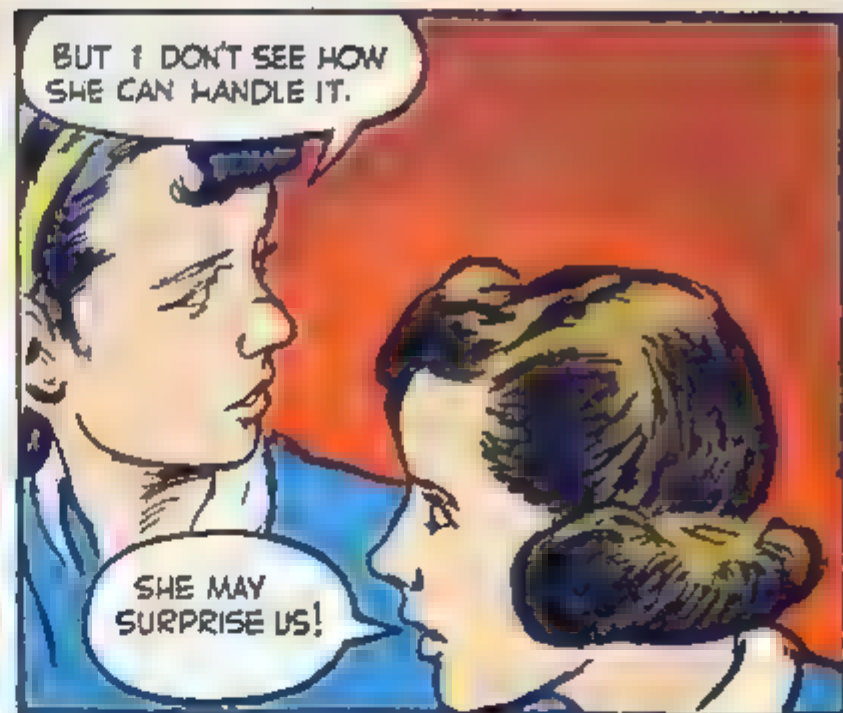
IF I COULD ONLY DO SOMETHING IN WAR WORK AND HELP PEOPLE INSTEAD OF JUST BEING A BURDEN.



MAYBE THE MAYOR COULD GIVE US SOMETHING TO DO, PEARL! LET'S ASK HIM.







FRESHMAN BITES SOPH

(Continued from page 10)

me to the extent of giving me one afternoon each this week? If you will, I think we can take the cockiness out of the sophs."

"Tell us what we have to do," said a voice, "and we'll do it, Mardee."

"Bring rakes and spades tomorrow. Doggy, you take poster design, don't you? Will you make a small sign-board? Tomorrow bring some black paint and I'll tell you what to print on it."

The next afternoon an energetic group of freshmen boys began clearing and spading the lot. Doggy appeared with a white signboard, a can of black paint, and a brush.

"What do you want me to print on this?"

"Just this, Doggy: 'Dump no junk on this lot. Class 1946.'"

"What's the use of that?" he asked. "No one has dumped any junk on this lot for years."

"I know. But now the frosh will have a garden."

A few minutes after Doggy had finished painting and erecting his sign, Rickey Calvert and two other sophomore boys paused to read it. Grinning, Rickey said something in a lowered tone to his friends.

By Friday afternoon, the spading was finished, but when Mardee stepped off the bus on Monday morning, an unhappy-looking group of freshmen stood beside what had been a vacant lot. It was a vacant lot no longer. It looked like a collection depot for scrap iron, for it was littered with the chassis of old cars, rusted bedsprings, cracked motor blocks.

She crossed the street, and inquired cheerfully, "Anything wrong?"

"Can't you see what the sophs did to our garden?" Doggy cried heatedly. "They're sabo-sabo-teurs."

"We can't prove the sophs did

it," said one of the freshmen.

"We have proof that the sophs did this job," said a red-headed boy who had just joined the circle. "On Saturday Rickey Calvert was driving that wrecking car that is used by his father's garage. He had two sophomores with him, and about a ton of rusted junk in the back of the car."

Rickey strode up with several

this scrap iron away from here."

"But it's all assembled in one place," Mardee pointed out. "And if you're not interested, I can call Standard Salvage."

"Now, wait a minute!" said the man hastily. "How about fifty dollars for all this junk?"

"Seventy, and it's yours," said Mardee. "After all, scrap brings good prices these days."

"Sixty is the best I can do," said the man.

"Sold!" cried Mardee. "Give the man a receipt for the money, Doggy. It's for the class treasury."

"Boy, oh, boy!" he exulted as he counted the money. "This puts us so far ahead of the sophs they might as well forget they every tried to get their numerals on that plaque."

"Here, wait a minute!" protested Rickey. "If there's any money in this, we ought to get it. After all, we worked hard all Saturday collecting this stuff."

"And we're very grateful," smiled Mardee. "However, we counted on your cooperation."

"Our what?" asked Rickey weakly.

"Your cooperation — I knew that if we started a garden here, you'd try to prevent us from getting ahead of you. And, remembering that your father had a wrecking car, I had a good idea just how you'd do it." It was worth

clearing up this lot—for sixty dollars' worth of scrap."

"Victory garden," Doggy grinned. "I get it now. Victory over the sophs!"

"What's more," Mardee went on, "I have a letter from Mr. Chandler, allowing us to use his lot. But if you feel you're entitled to this money, we can ask the principal to decide."

Rickey gulped. "No, no!" he said hastily. "We—er—we'd rather forget the matter."

"Well," smiled Mardee, "I hope you can."

THE SEAMSTRESS

By SOLVEIG PAULSON RUSSELL

April is stitching with needles of rain;
Her silver thread flashes again and again.
She's making a garment that cannot be seen,
But soon it will cover the earth with green.

Soon in the grass her embroidery will show
Where daisies shine primly like flakes of white snow,
And where the shy violet lifts her wee face
To add to the springtime her fragrance and grace.

Yes, April is stitching with fine liquid thread.
She's stitching the pattern of each flower bed.

She's stitching the bark and the leaves of the trees
And every green blade that will sway in the breeze.

April's a seamstress unmatched in her skill.
She's always brought springtime and she always will.

She's a kind little lady who uses her art
To make earth a garment that gladdens the heart.

grinning sophomores in tow.

"My, my!" he chuckled. "What won't you frosh do next? And that sign up there notifying people not to dump junk here, too!"

A grizzled man wearing a battered felt hat stopped a truck at the curb. On the side was printed: Acme Junk Company. He walked over to appraise the junk which littered the plot.

"You're the girl who talked to me over the phone, eh?" he asked Mardee. "Well, it's going to cost money to truck all

DIGGING FOR VICTORY

(Continued from page 33)

tilizer. Nearly all soils need it for vegetable growing. Your county agent can help you again here, but you won't go far wrong if you buy three pounds of a victory garden fertilizer—one with an analysis of 3-8-7, to be technical—for every 100 square feet of garden space.

Dig half of it into the soil before planting and save half for a later application along the rows when the plants are about half-grown. Never apply fertilizer so that it touches the plant. Rather, put it at least four inches from the plant so that it will wash down around the roots.

Now for planting. Uncle Sam wants farmers to grow vegetables with the greatest vitamin value, and you'll be wise to do the same. That means tomatoes, for one thing. Choose recommended varieties—the kinds known as Rutgers and Marglobe give good results. You can grow your plants from the seed if you want to, and then you'll be sure of the variety you get.

Be sure to read carefully the directions in the seed catalogue and on the packages. It's a whole lot easier to get young plants from a local greenhouse. You'll want to can as much as possible for winter use, so order about a half dozen plants for each person you want to feed. Plant the roots deep enough in the ground so that they can get enough moisture, with the plants about two feet apart in rows four or five feet apart. Then train the young plants to a single main stem by pinching off side shoots, and tie each plant to a six-foot stake when it gets tall enough to need it. If you wish, you can trellis your plants instead of staking them. Trellising offers support and does away with the need for tying and pruning. To trellis, just surround the plant with four or more stakes and let the tomato vine grow up among them. Some very careful farmers put string around the stakes for extra support.

You can grow tomatoes with-

out stakes, but it takes more room. Plants permitted to sprawl on the ground should be planted four feet apart in the row so they will be able to get sunlight. You may have to give your tomatoes a little extra fertilizer. If they show signs of needing it, work some into the rows when the plants start to grow and again when the tomatoes start to turn red.

You'll want to be able to harvest some handsome emerald green peppers. To do it, set out some plants (World Beater is a good variety), spacing them about thirty inches away from each other in rows three feet apart. From eight to twelve plants should satisfy the average-sized family.

Even if corned beef is scarce, have a cabbage patch. Cabbage is rich in vitamins and minerals. So for your early crop, order about three plants a person and place them eighteen inches apart in rows about two and a half feet away from each other. Cabbage offers no great prob-



There's no thrill to match that of picking your dinner from your very own garden, come harvest time!

lem if you keep the cabbage root maggot away, and here's a trick for outsmarting the pest: Just replace the soil around the base of each plant with your hoe once a week, and the devastating little maggot will always be too far away from his would-be prey to do any damage.

Carrots are another "must" in the well-planned garden. A one-ounce packet of seed will give you approximately a bushel harvest. Sow the seed, about a half-inch deep, sparingly in rows two and a half feet apart and thin out the plants later so they stand at about two-inch intervals in the row. This sounds wasteful of seed, but carrots need room to develop into the well-shaped specimen you admire in the seed catalogues, and you can always eat the young carrots you pull out. Most beginners plant seeds much too thickly so that the plants choke each other and have insufficient room to develop. Three seeds to the inch of row is about the right amount at planting time. This allows for lack of germination and for insect injury. You can't hope to get a carrot for every seed you put in the ground.

The same procedure goes for beets. You can plant the beets and carrots together if you want to—just be sure they have room enough to grow into the shape nature intended.

Seeds of snap beans and lima beans come heavy—you'll need a pound of each to harvest a bushel and a half of each. Sow both kinds of seeds one inch deep in rows which are two and a half feet apart. The snap beans should be planted two to three inches away from each other in the row, and the limas eight to ten inches.

Be sure to include plenty of greens—lettuce, spinach, broccoli, kale, endive, and Swiss chard—for a true victory garden is also a health garden. Start early, and your first planting will mature in time to grow another complete crop of these health-giving foods in late summer. Every gardener should also have four or five rhubarb

plants—enough to supply rhubarb for pies and sauce for five persons all summer. When the roots are three years old or older, you can take them up in the fall, transplant in a base of earth or sifted ashes, and grow rhubarb in your cellar during the winter.

Loose-leaf lettuce is recommended in preference to the head lettuce because it stands up better in warm weather. Plant one packet of Grand Rapids lettuce seed, one-third of an inch deep in rows two and a half feet apart, and you'll gather about sixty-five plants—enough to supply the average family until the second planting to be made in August is ready for the table. Or, better still, make smaller, successive sowings every three weeks.

A half-ounce of spinach seed should give you one and a half bushels of the stuff Popeye made famous if you plant it two or three inches apart, one-half inch deep in rows spaced two and a half feet each way. If you eat it all by mid-August, plant some more. The second planting will mature before frost in any part of the country. If you dislike Popeye's favorite, try New Zealand spinach.

Watch your plants for insects, and see your victory garden committeeman, county agent, or seed dealer about what to do if they pop up. Different insects make trouble in different sections of the nation. The same goes for plant diseases.

Here's hoping you won't be troubled with insects or diseases—or too many weeds to pull either. You won't if you cultivate frequently and not too deep—but if difficulties do crop up, remember that farmers have their headaches, too. But last year they came through with the biggest food supply the country has ever known, and they're out to do it again because they know that "food will win the war and write the peace." And the food you produce will count in winning this war, for every vegetable you grow is that much more on our side, even if you eat it yourself!

Be your own fashion expert!



MAKE BEAUTIFUL CLOTHING DECORATIONS WITH PRESS-ON MENDING TAPE

It's so simple—no sewing or anything like that! All you need is an iron, some "Press-On" Tape, and a Press-On book which is yours for a small handling charge. Trace the designs from the book, cut them out of Press-On tape (12 colors), and with a hot iron press on to any garment in your wardrobe! IT'S WASHPROOF!



MONOGRAMS—INITIALS

Make your wardrobe look snazzy with monograms and initials. Trace them from the complete monogram alphabet in the Press-On wonder book.



PATRIOTIC EMBLEMS

If you have a big brother or relative fighting for Uncle Sam, wear a patriotic emblem on your sleeve or jacket. Yes, you'll find many patriotic designs in the Press-On wonder book.



DESIGNS TO MAKE CLOTHING LOOK SUPER

Make last year's dresses look like tomorrow's fashions with lovely designs for the neckline, sleeves, pockets, etc. There are over 100 pretty designs you can trace from the 64 page Press-On book.



MEND AS YOU IRON

Save time, energy, money. Advise mother to mend this new way, because it's easier, stronger, quieter than sewing. Mend rips and holes in all kinds of fabrics. Mend raincoats and rubbers too! Makes things last longer.

SPECIAL GIFT OFFER

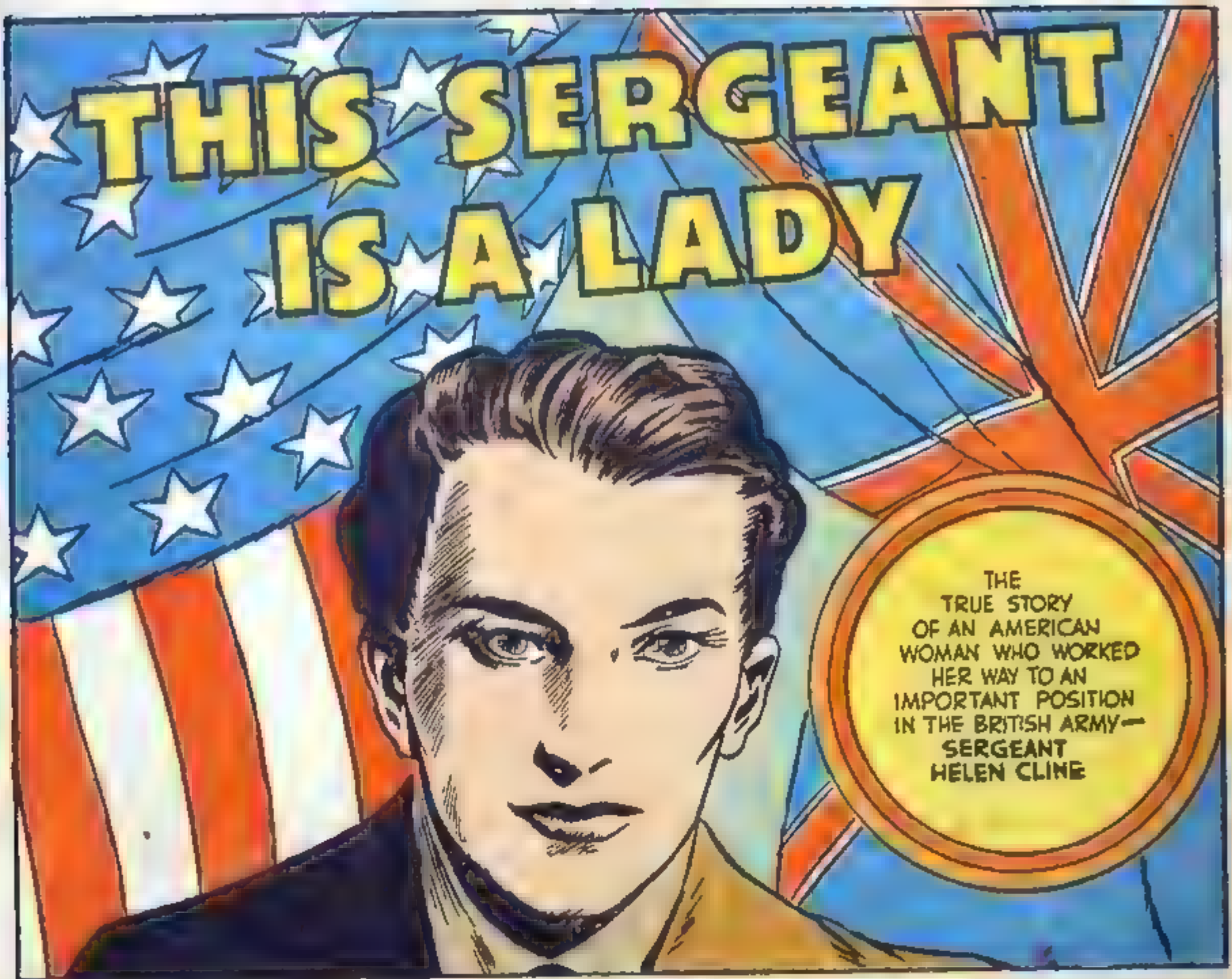
A complete switch of Press-On Mending Tape and the 64 page wonder book "Fabric Decorating & Mending With A Hot Iron" will be sent you for a 10¢ handling cost. You'll love it and refer to it year after year. Don't delay, mail today.

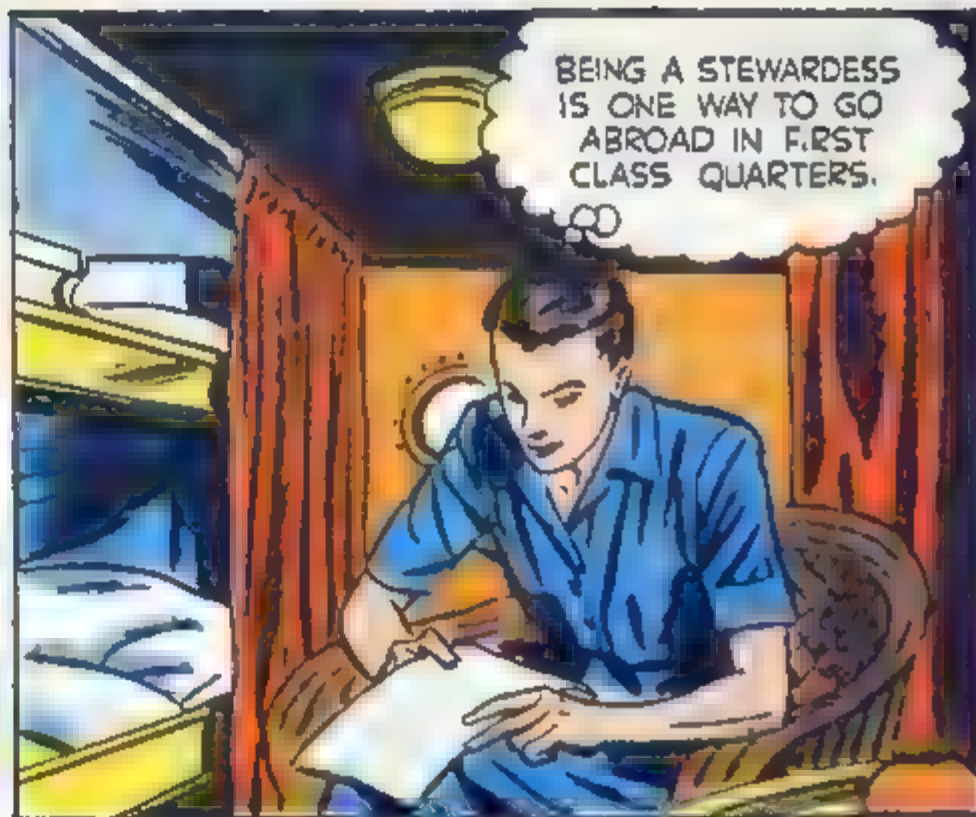


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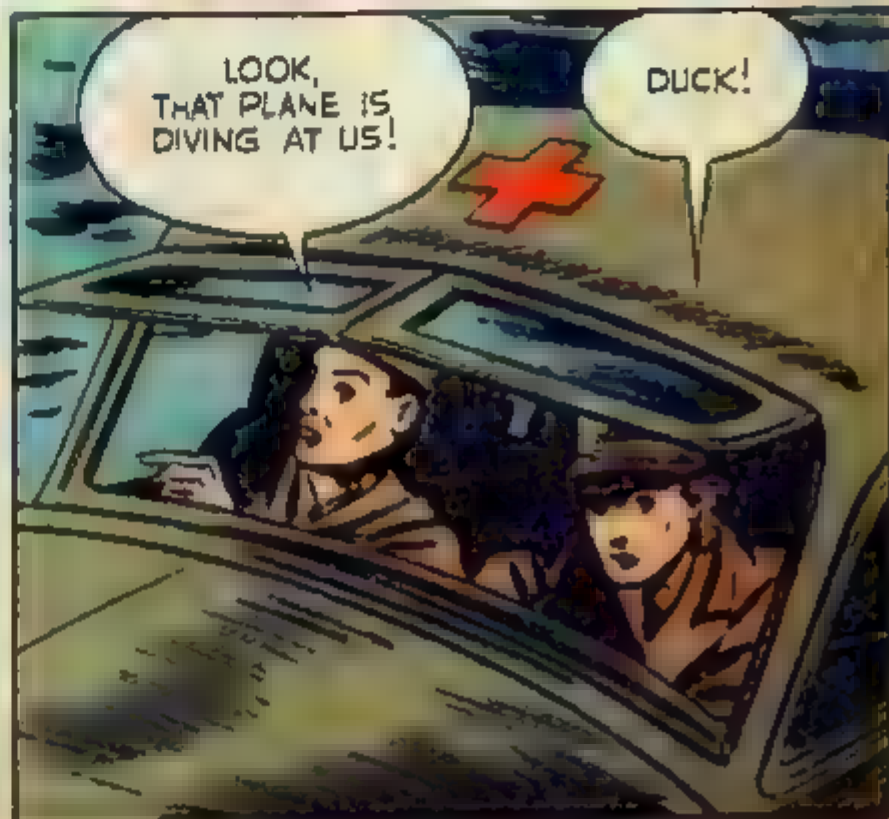
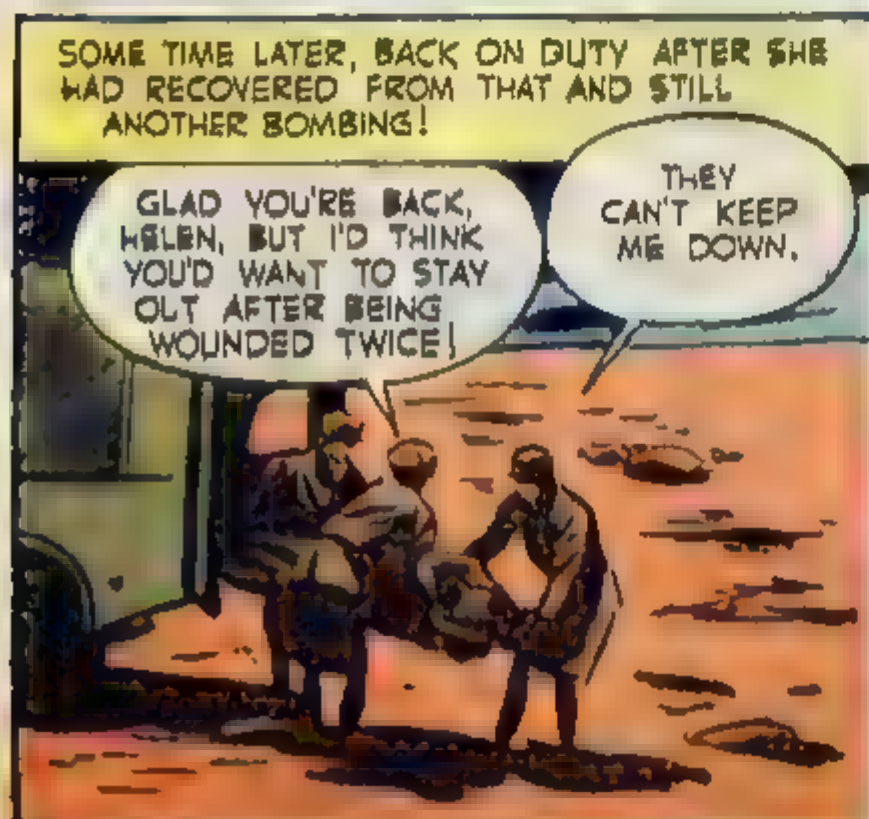
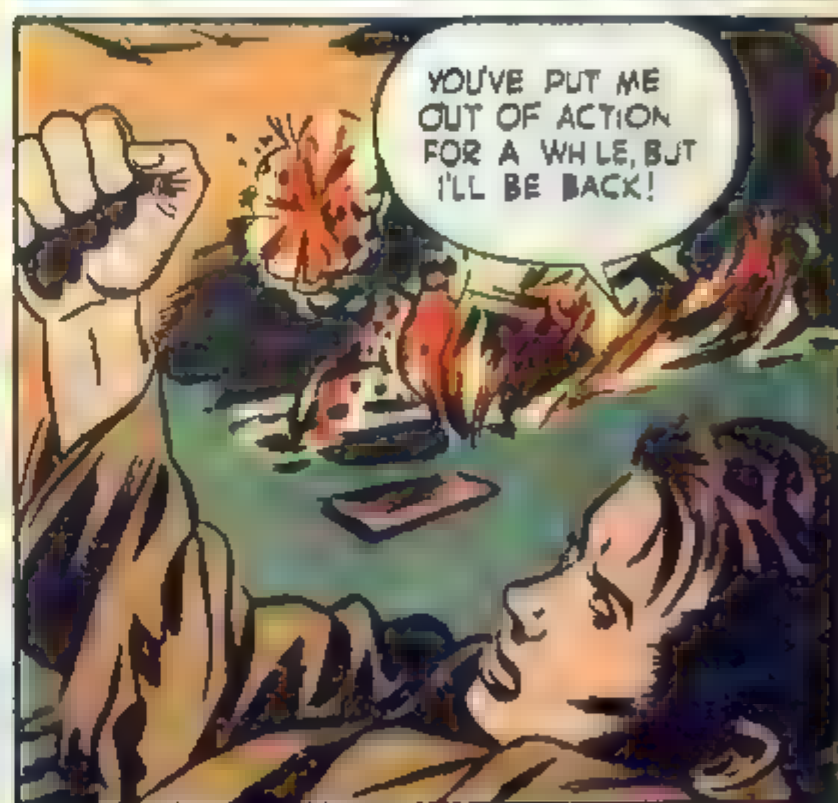
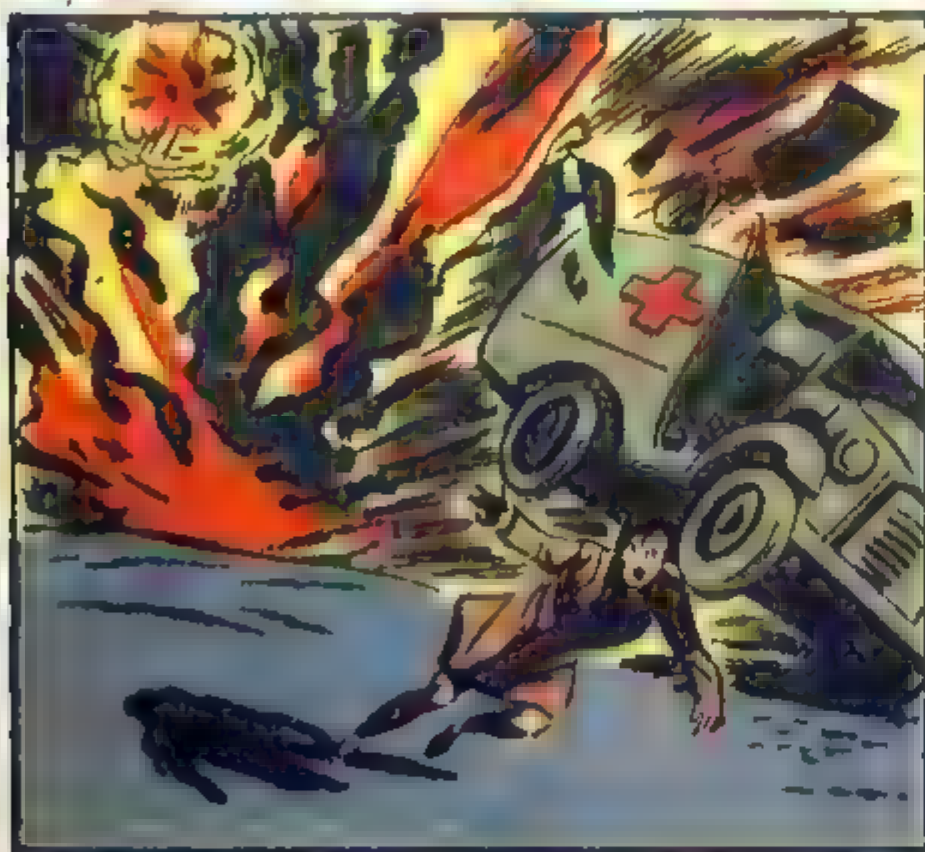
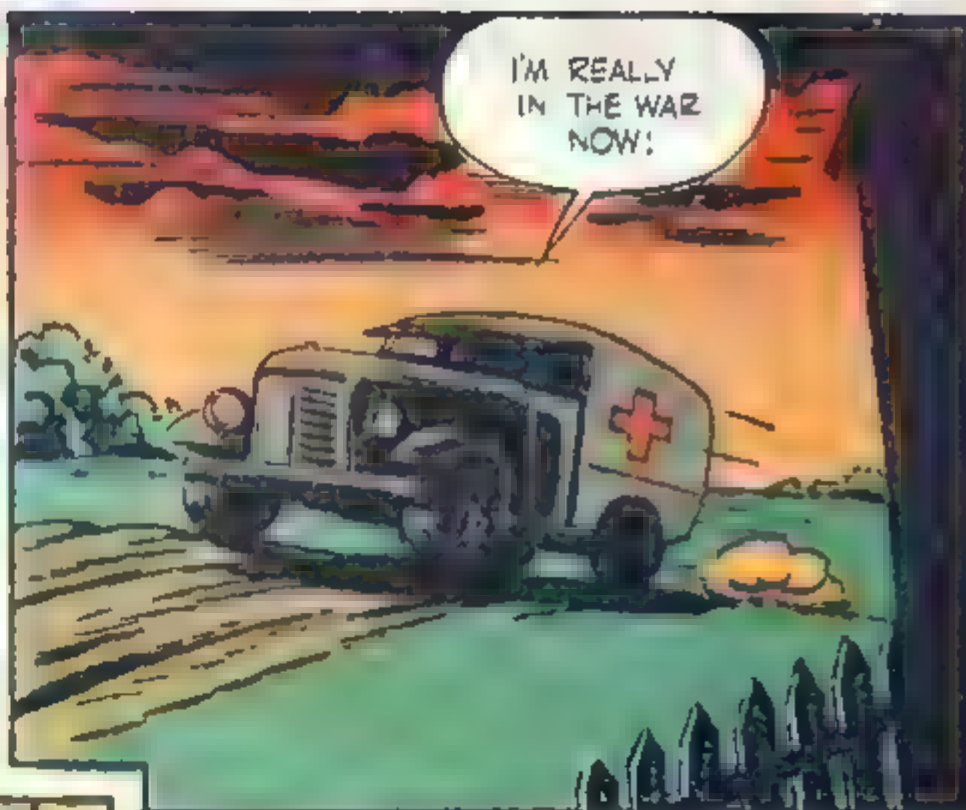
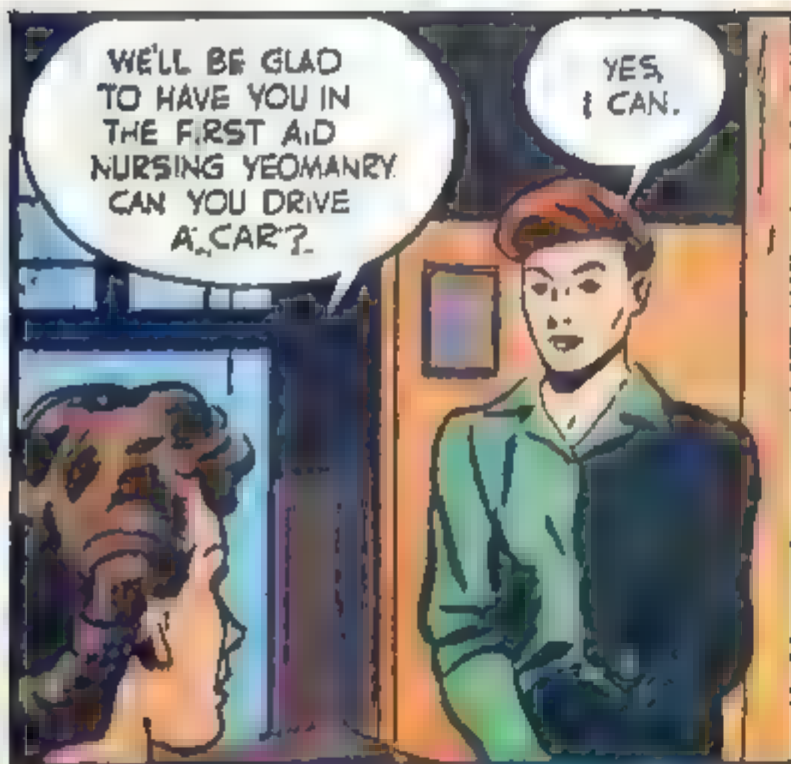


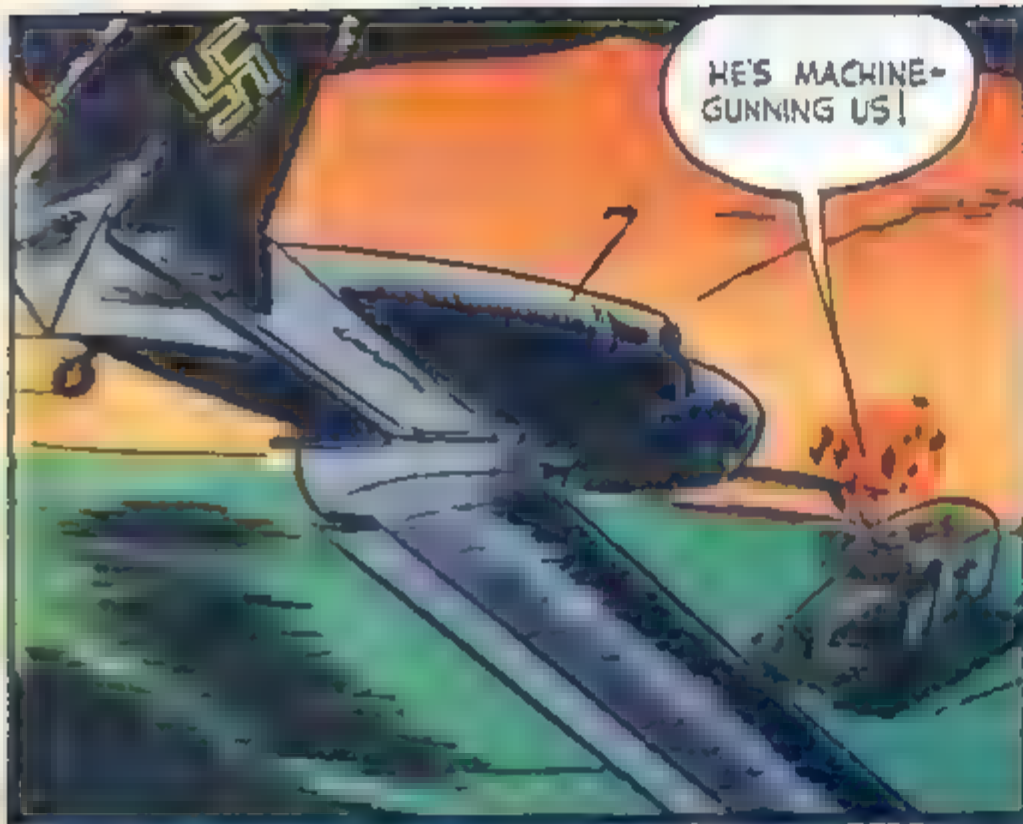
HELEN TRAVELED AROUND EUROPE WRITING ARTICLES. SHE WAS IN FRANCE WHEN THE WAR BEGAN.



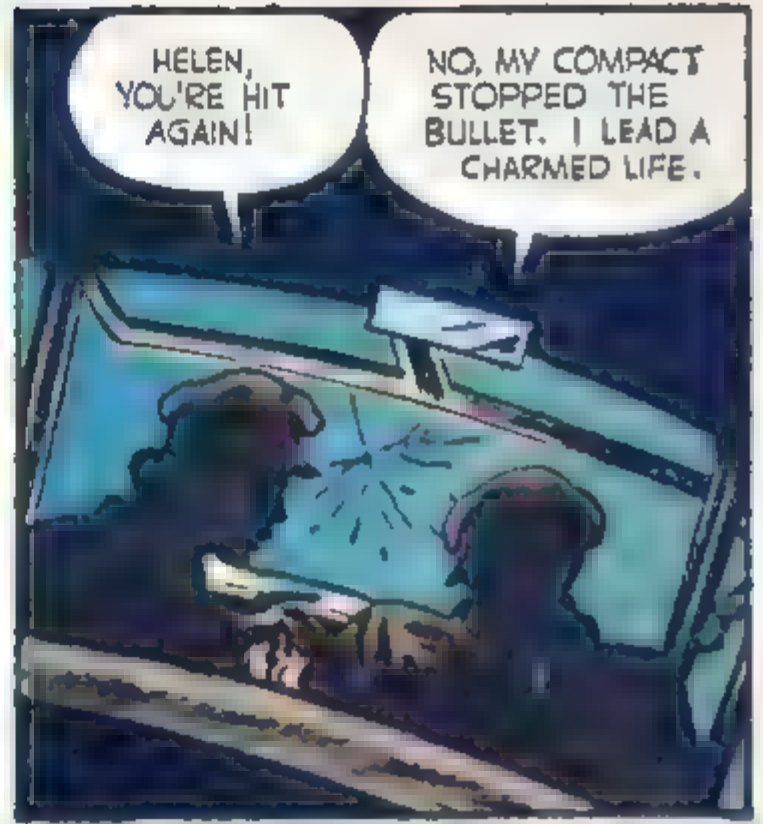
A FEW DAYS LATER, IN LONDON..







HE'S MACHINE-GUNNING US!



HELEN, YOU'RE HIT AGAIN!

NO, MY COMPACT STOPPED THE BULLET. I LEAD A CHARMED LIFE.



THE WOMEN OF THE AUXILIARY TERRITORIAL SERVICE ARE TAKING UP RADIO REPAIR SERVICE. I'D LIKE TO DO THAT.

YES, THEY WANT TO RELEASE THE MEN FOR FIGHTING.



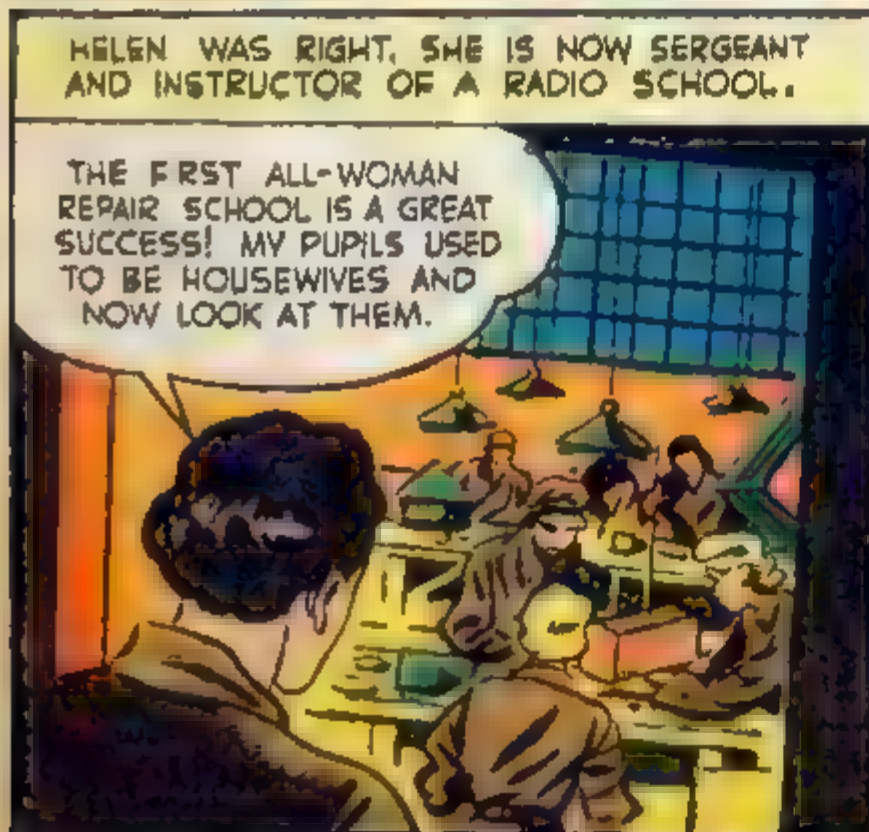
RADIO HAS ALWAYS BEEN MY HOBBY. I'M GOING TO JOIN THAT GROUP.



LATER...

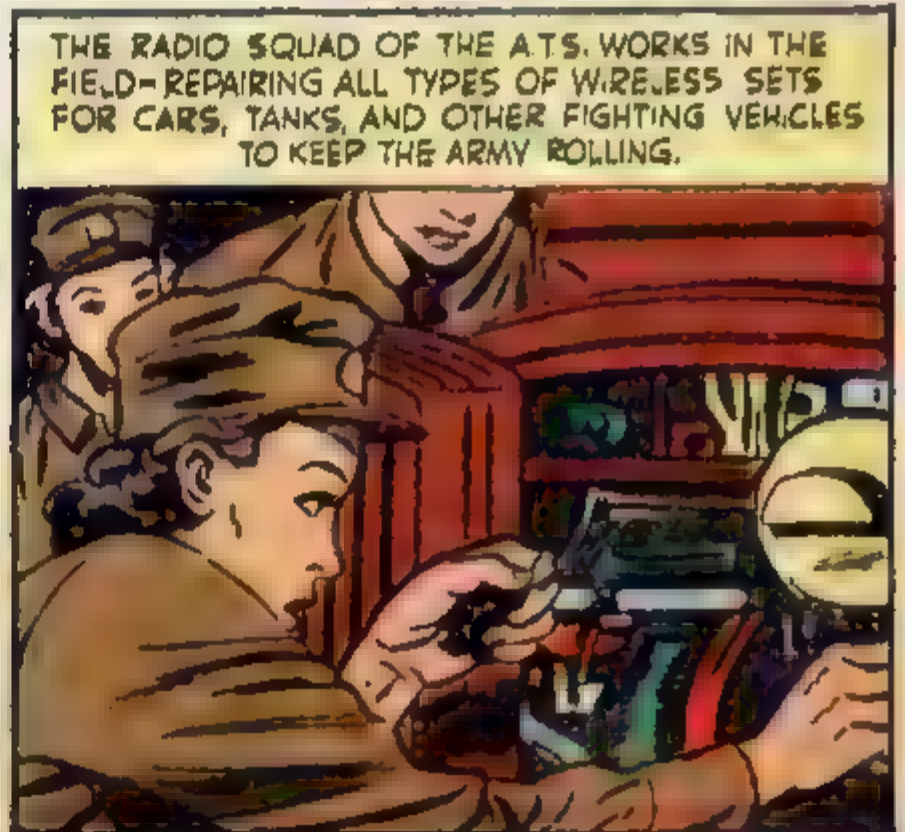
YOU'RE JUST ABOUT THROUGH YOUR SIX MONTHS TRAINING, AREN'T YOU?

YES, I'M GOING TO BE A LOT MORE USE HERE. THE NAZIS ALWAYS SEEMED TO BLOW UP MY AMBULANCE BEFORE.



HELEN WAS RIGHT. SHE IS NOW SERGEANT AND INSTRUCTOR OF A RADIO SCHOOL.

THE FIRST ALL-WOMAN REPAIR SCHOOL IS A GREAT SUCCESS! MY PUPILS USED TO BE HOUSEWIVES AND NOW LOOK AT THEM.



THE RADIO SQUAD OF THE A.T.S. WORKS IN THE FIELD—REPAIRING ALL TYPES OF WIRELESS SETS FOR CARS, TANKS, AND OTHER FIGHTING VEHICLES TO KEEP THE ARMY ROLLING.

TENDERFOOT

(Continued from page 18)

foot bridge, part of a shed. Vicky went downstairs and collected bread, cheese, a bottle of milk, and her flashlight. "What else?" she thought. Oh yes, the cookies! They would be important.

The children awaited her return with interest. She gave them each a cookie and went downstairs again. The lower floor had a thin wash of water—muddy, ugly water—eddy-ing against the furniture. Her mother's Heppelwhite chair and carved whatnot, her Grandmother's mahogany sewing table that they had brought from the East and cherished so! These things at least she could save! Panting, tugging, she dragged the things upstairs.

"Tell us a story!" Babs demanded. And Vicky, her heart pounding, and her tongue a little thick, told them a story. And another, and another. Once upon a time there lived . . . Magic words, weaving a magic spell around them, so that they did not hear—as Vicky did—the queer crashes and thuds, the logs bumping against the house.

When it grew colder and darkness fell, she wrapped blankets around them and they played Indian, stalking an obliging Bozo all over the upper floor. They shrieked and whooped, drowning out the thunder. And then, with the flashlight for a wood fire, they played that they were having a picnic in one of the enchanted woods—milk and cheese and more of the cookies. The cookies were to change them into a princess and a prince, and Bozo into a happy dragon.

They sat, wide-eyed and breathless in the dark, waiting for the magic to take effect—and waiting, they fell asleep. She laid them side by side on the broad bed; Bozo heaved a sigh and curled up in a corner, chasing gophers in his sleep. Only Vicky was awake—awake and tense, listening, wondering, planning . . . If the water came higher, she would take the

children and Bozo to the roof, through the trapdoor; she would rig up a flag from a blanket and a mop handle; and there they would huddle, waiting for help. Help must come, it must!

Suddenly there was a loud

Things to Look Forward to in **CALLING ALL GIRLS**

Out about the first of every month

PIGTAILS

Olivia was considered "just a child," but she had an adventure that made grownups envious.

SINCERELY YOURS

Virginia Weidler tells about her autograph collection and gives helpful hints to others.

SHE FOUND INDEPENDENCE

The story of Mme. Wei Tao-ming who has fought for personal and national liberty.

And many more fine features of fun, facts, and fiction!

crash. Vicky thought the side of the house must have fallen in. She leaped up, half crying. The children started awake and began to whimper. "Haloo—who's there? Anybody there?"

Vicky wanted to shout. It was Dan's voice. She ran to the window and looked out and down—not very far down, for the boat rode on the water which had risen halfway to the second story. But miraculously, the rain had stopped. In the boat, held steady against the side of the house, were Dan and his father.

Mr. Evans swung a lantern high, and she could see their incredulous faces as she told them that her mother and Gram were in San Mercato and she had been alone all day with the children in the storm.

"Men are going from house to house, getting people out, but I wanted to come here first," Dan said. Then, worried, "How're we going to get you folks down?"

"I know," Vicky said. A tide was rising in her—excited and sure. It was as if she had been planning this all day long, and yet it was really popping into her head this minute. "You hold the boat steady, and I'll make a basket of blankets and lower them down to you," she called. She worked feverishly, but confidently. Babs first, wrapped in a cocoon of bedclothes, and hung in a basket of blankets. Vicky leaned far out, lowering her precious burden; eager arms lifted up to catch Babs, who gurgled with joy. Teddy next—he laughed and shouted at this new adventure. Then Bozo, squirming at such indignity.

"And what about you? If I had a ladder . . ." Dan fumed.

"I'll tie some sheets in a rope, and fasten them to the bed-post," Vicky said. "I'll push the bed near the window, and let myself out that way." And she did. Dan and Mr. Evans caught her as she swung short.

They rowed off down the swift Tamparillo—toward warmth and a haven, toward food and friends. Dan's voice came admiringly out of the dark. "Gosh, Vicky, you're a regular pioneer girl. I didn't think there were any more."

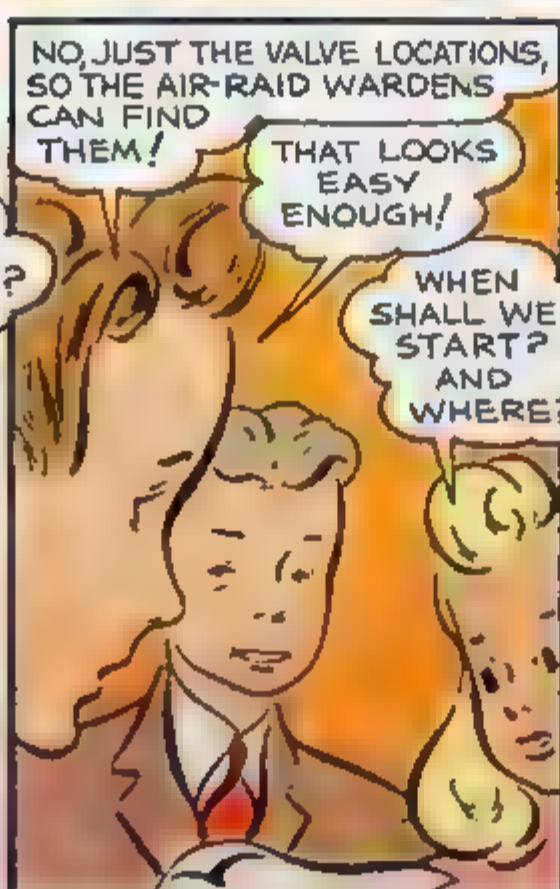
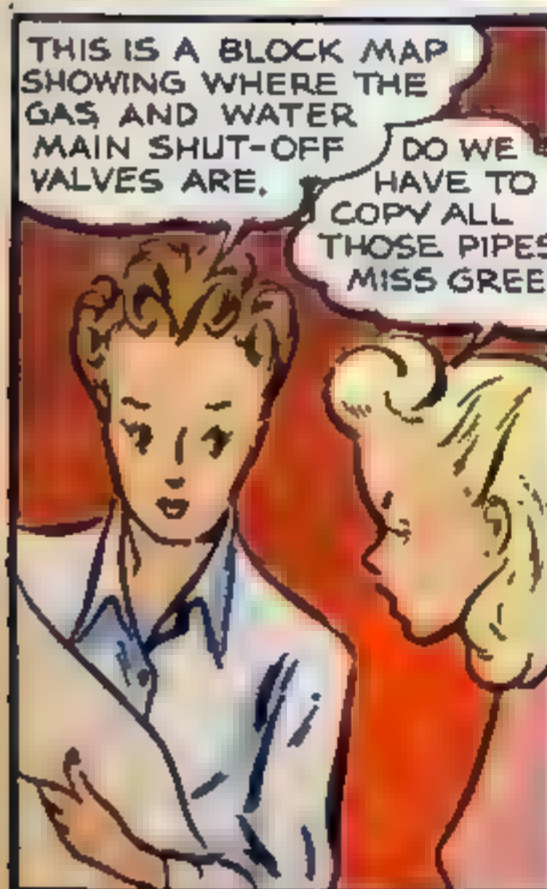
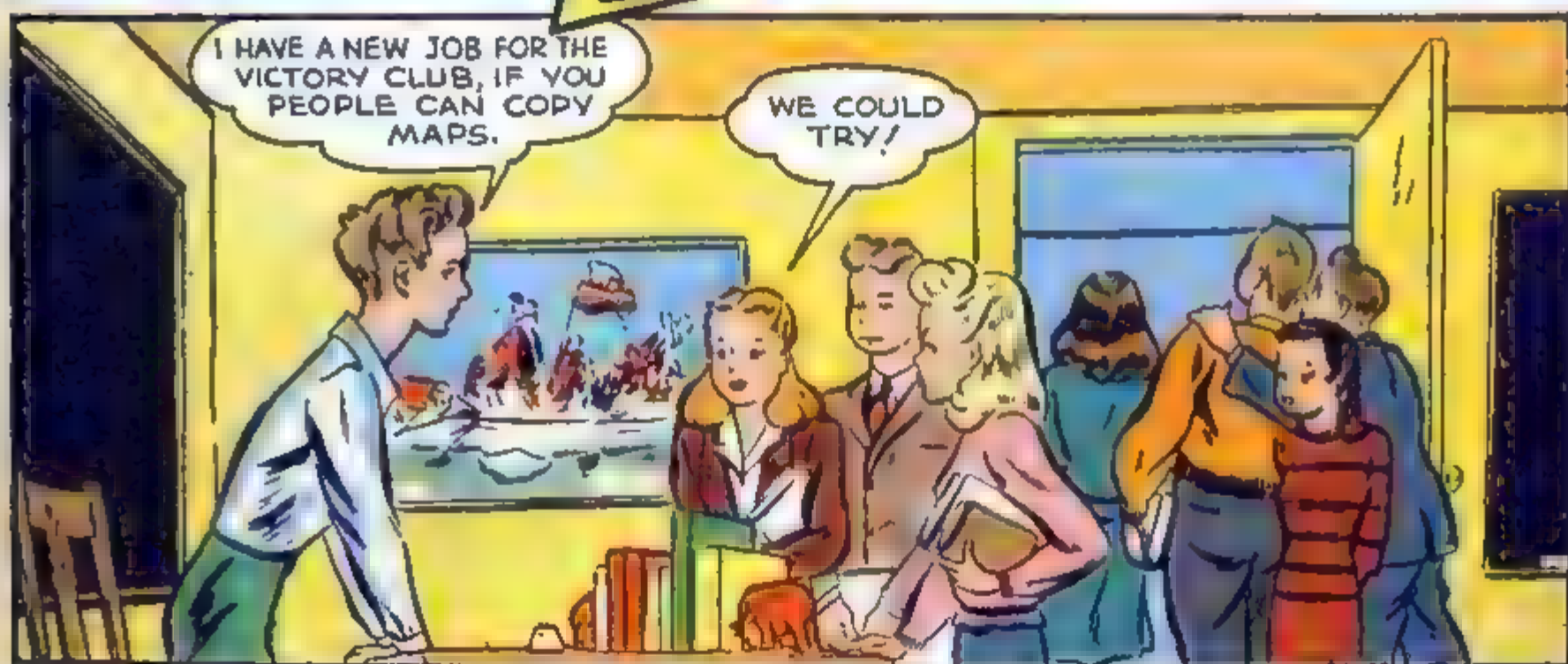
"Why," she said, surprised, "girls like Mildred and Lora . . ."

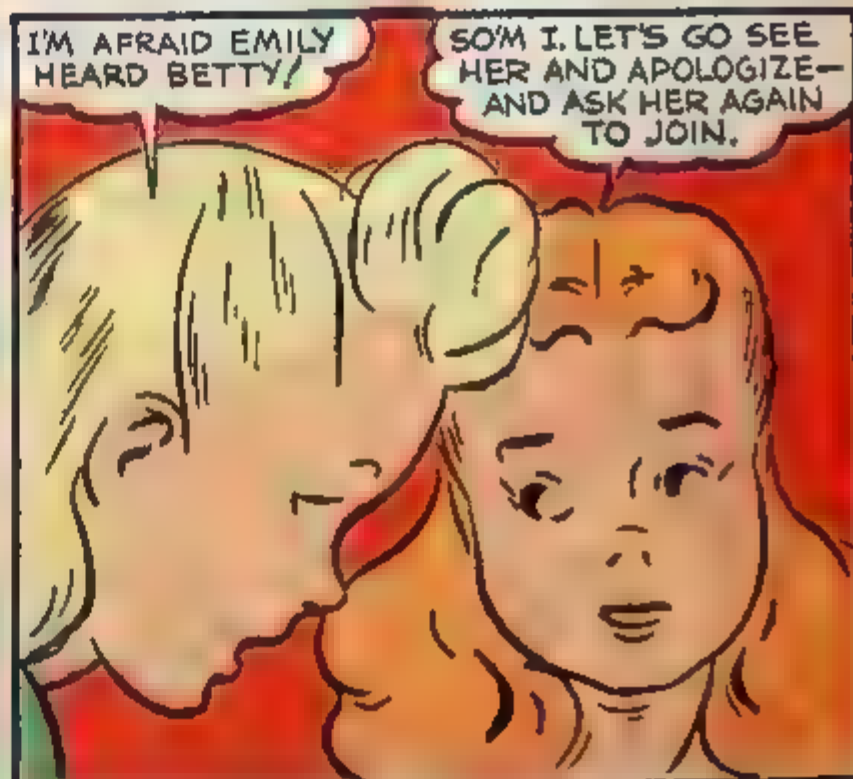
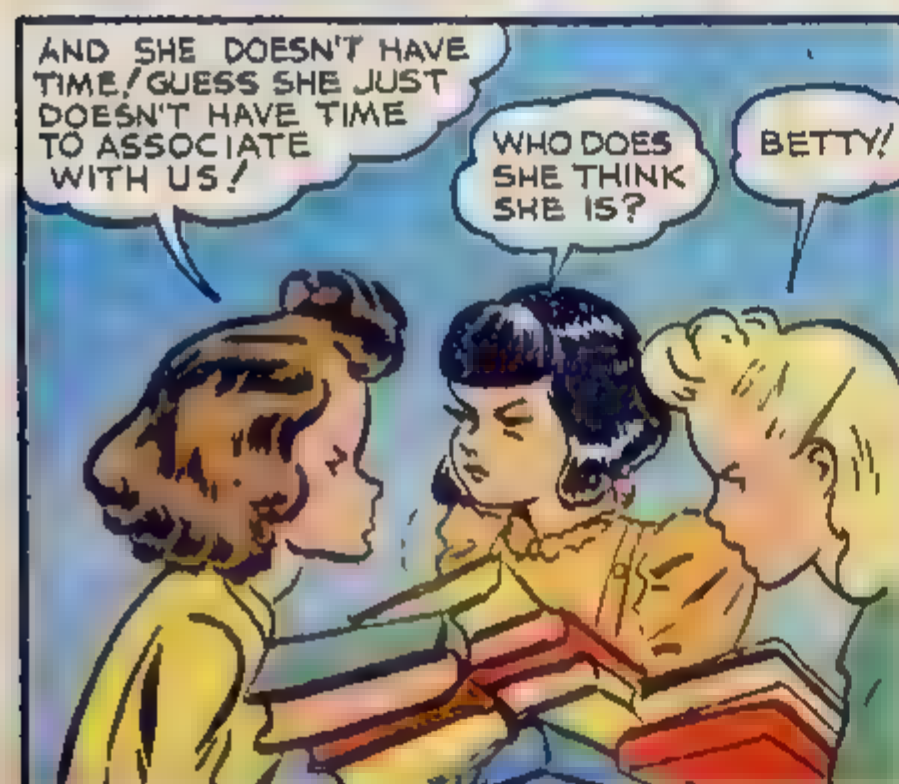
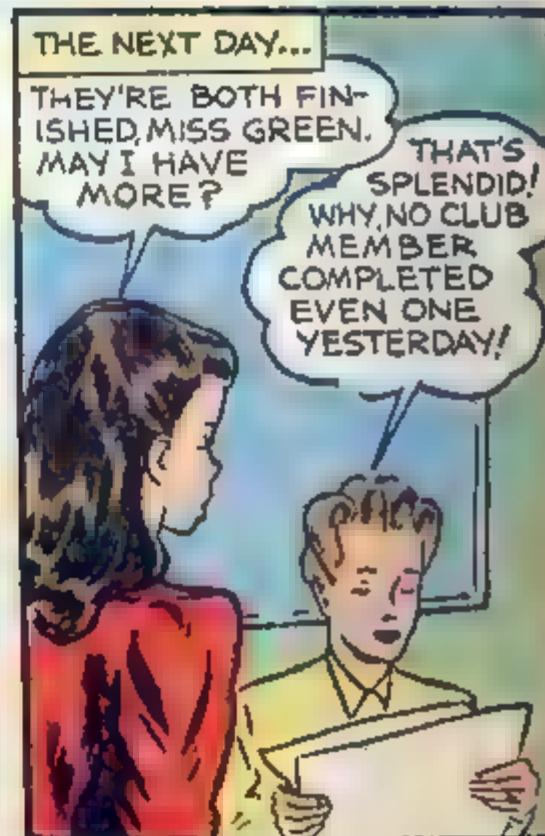
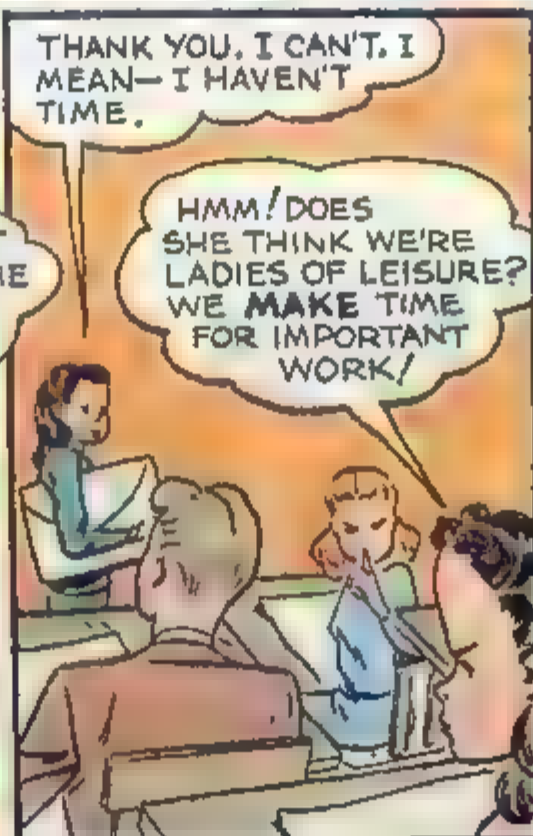
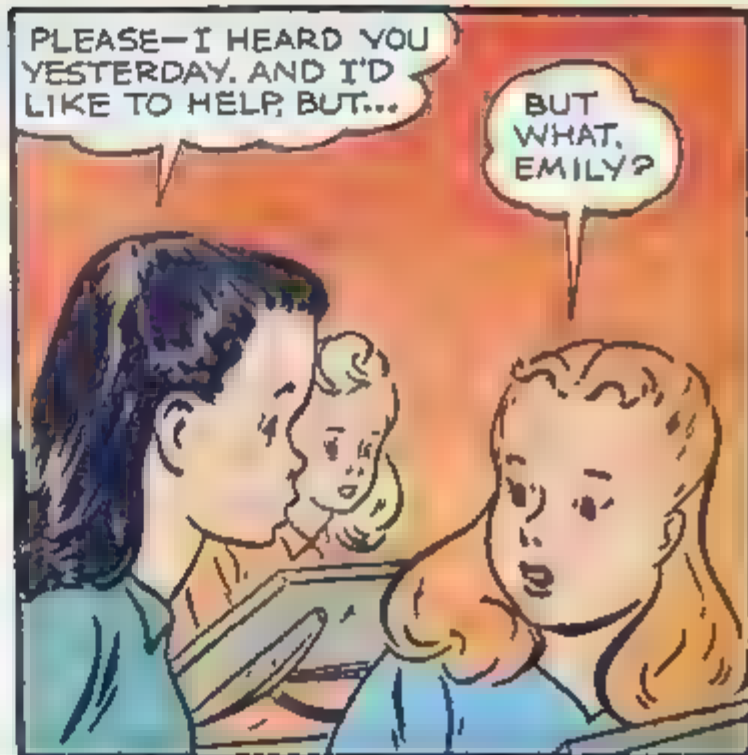
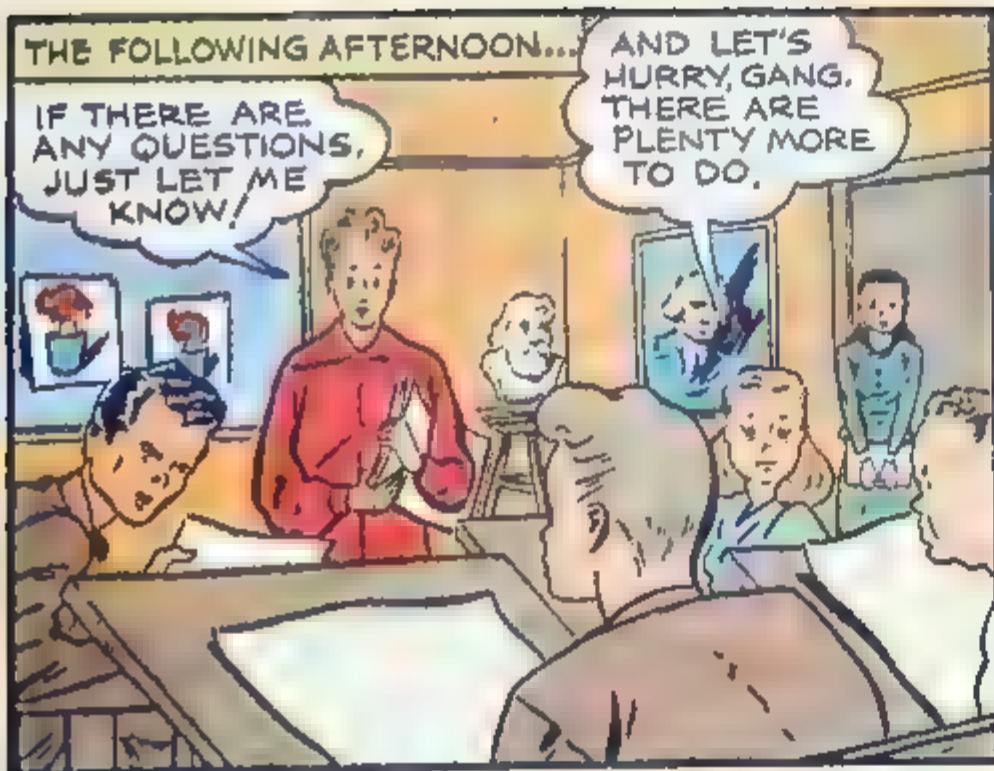
"Oh, them!" he scoffed. "They're good at some stuff, but I bet they haven't got what you have—honest-to-goodness courage . . . Listen, I could teach you to ride in no time. Dad knows of a gentle little mare you could get cheap. And you'd learn quick as a wink. Why, Vicky, you could do anything!"

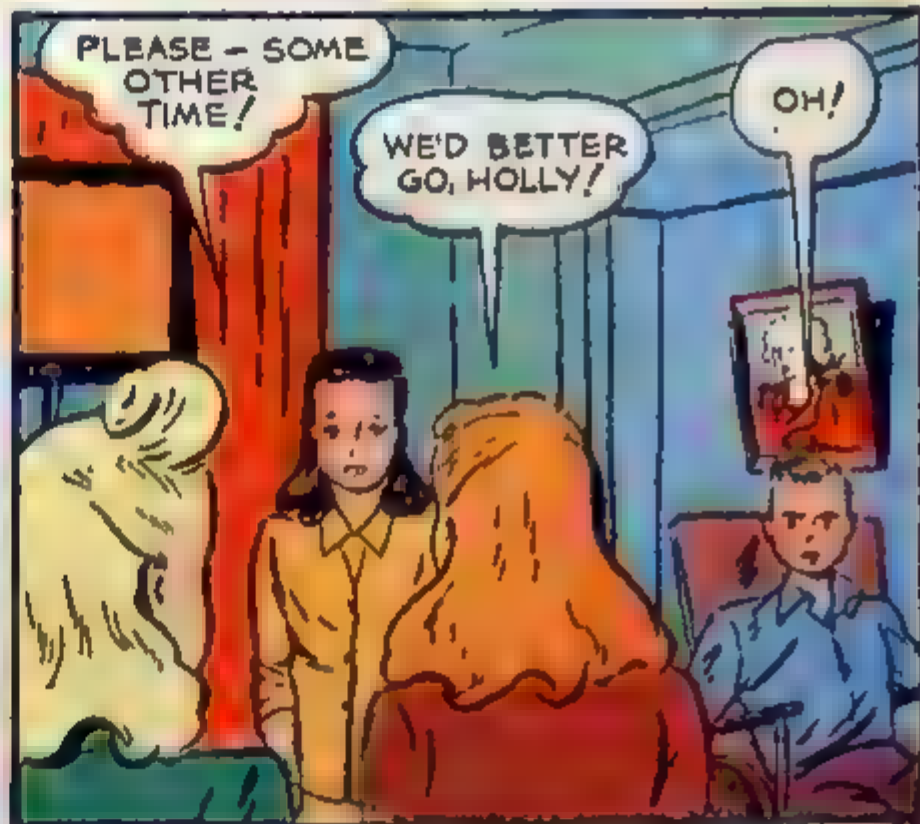
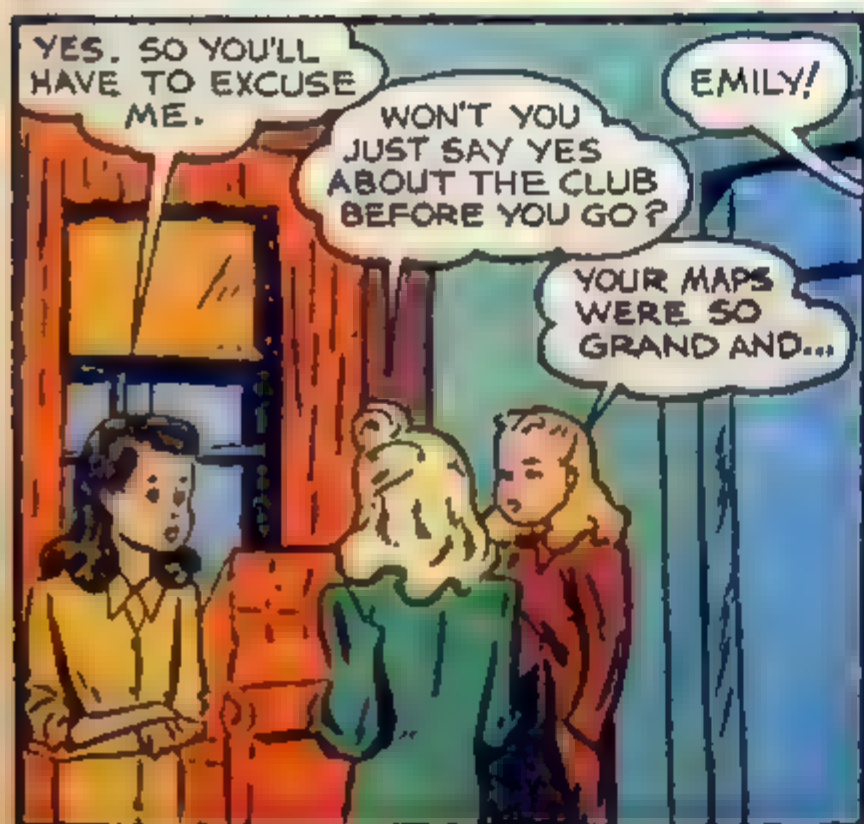
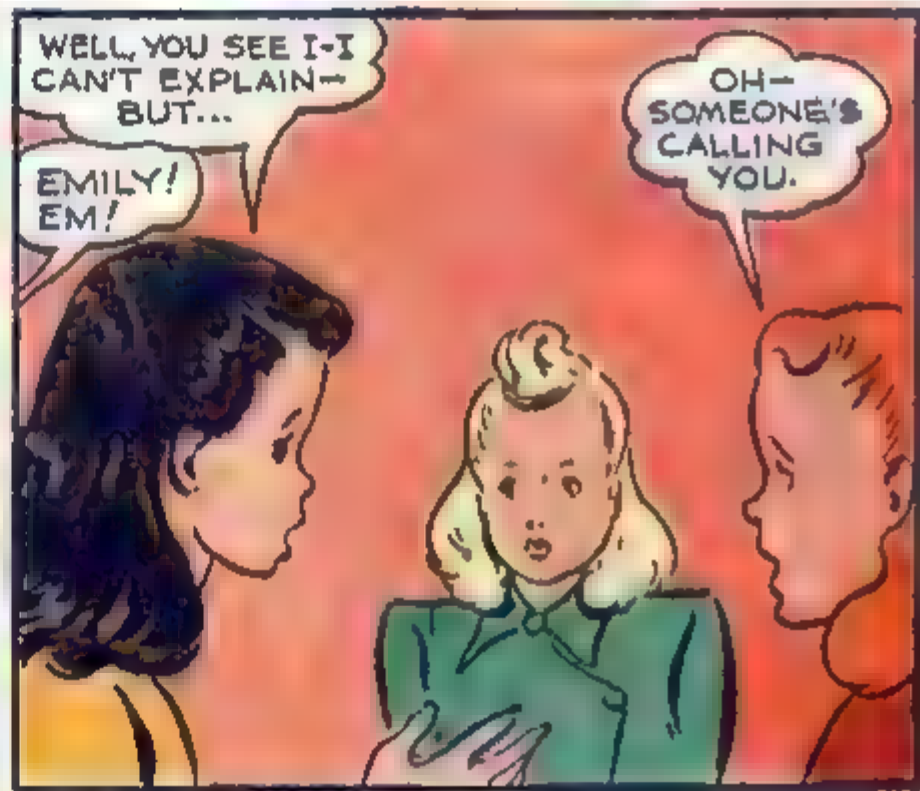
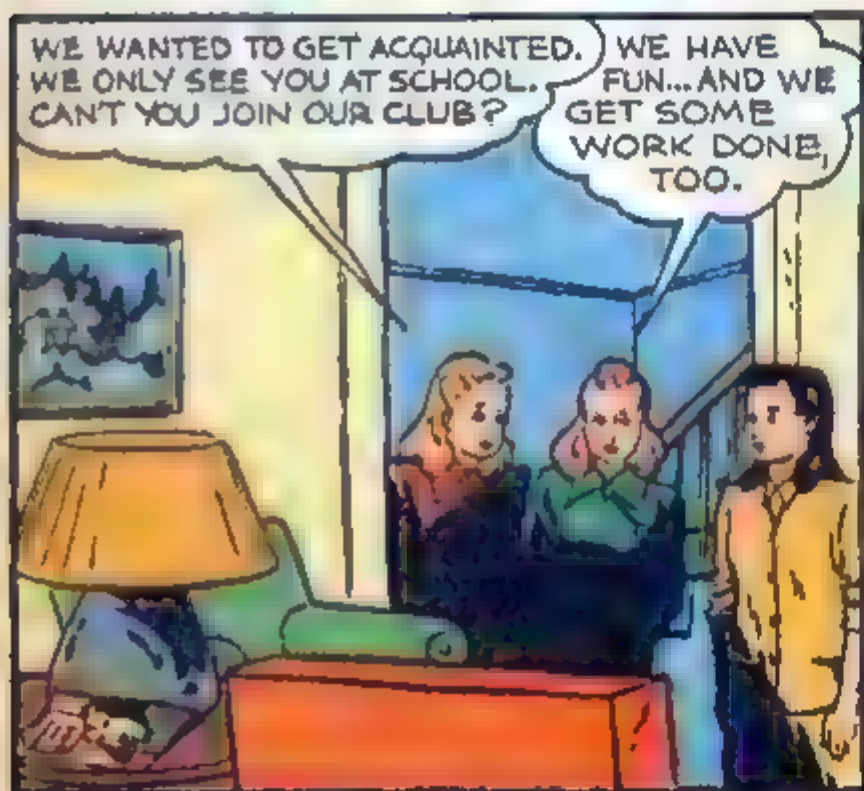
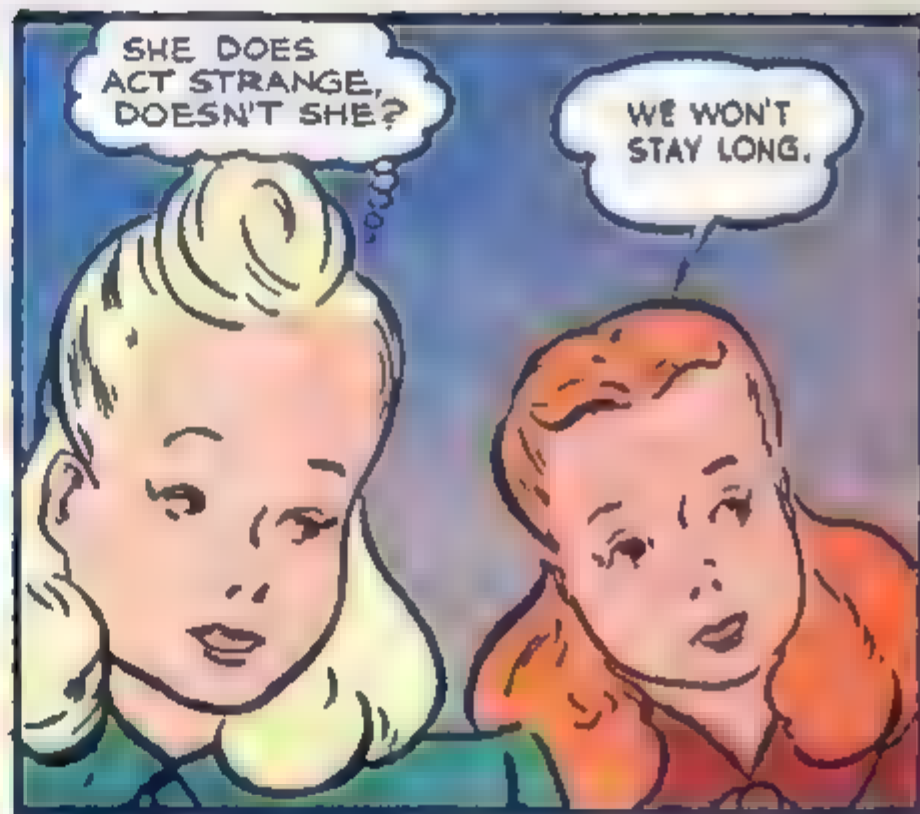
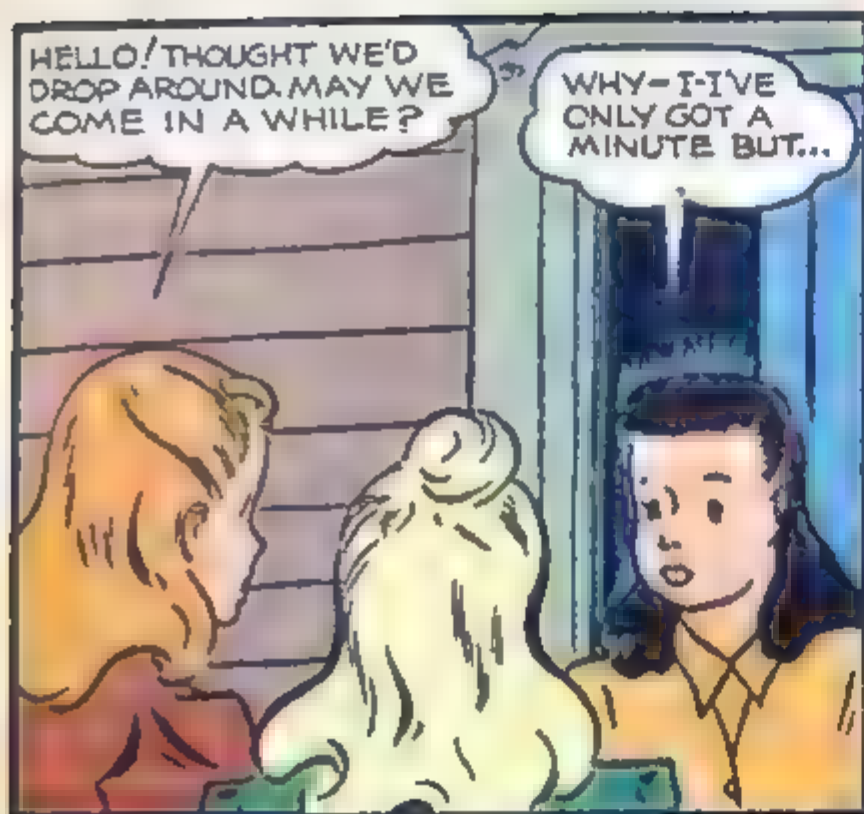
"Maybe I could," Vicky said out of her new-found sufficiency. She had faced a real emergency and found herself able to meet it. And Dan thought she was swell! He wanted to teach her to ride so that she would be one of them. "Yes," she said, her voice coming loud and strong, "I know I could."

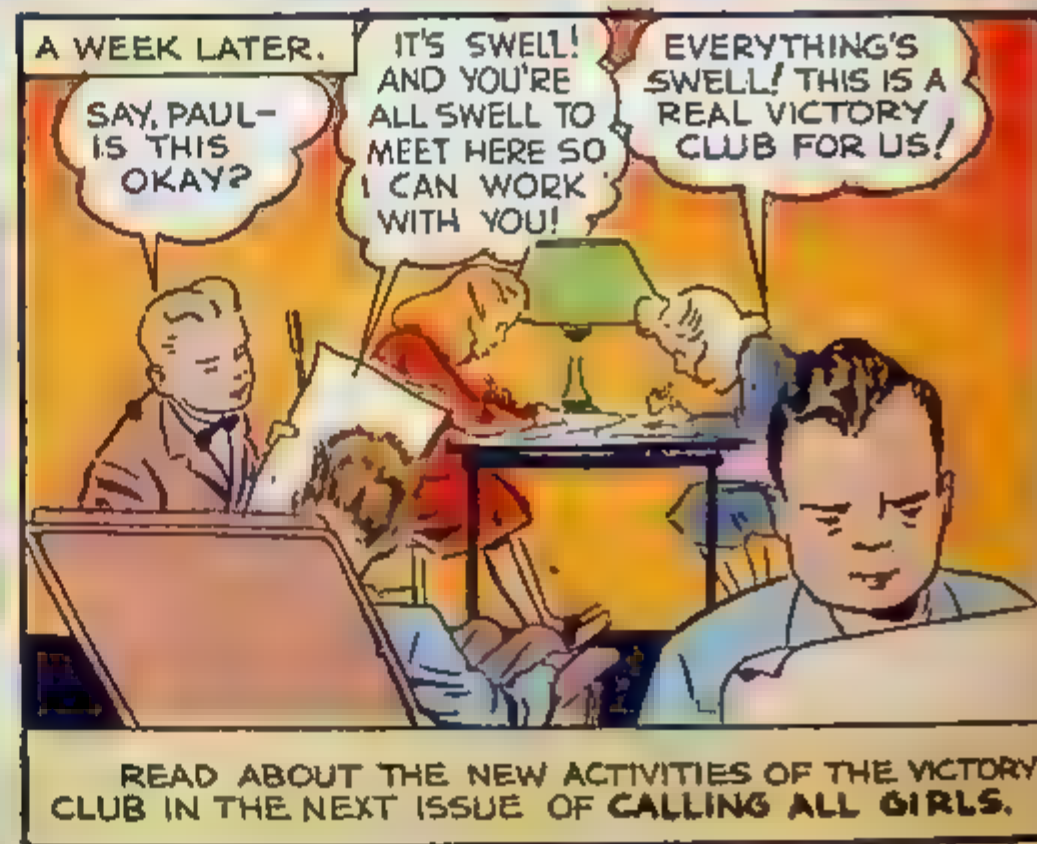
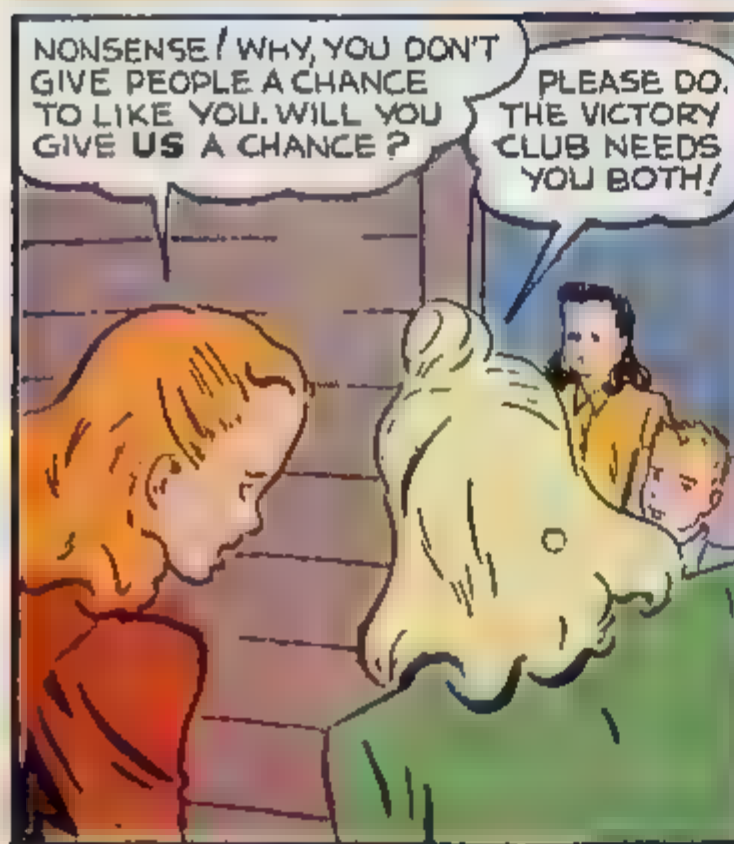
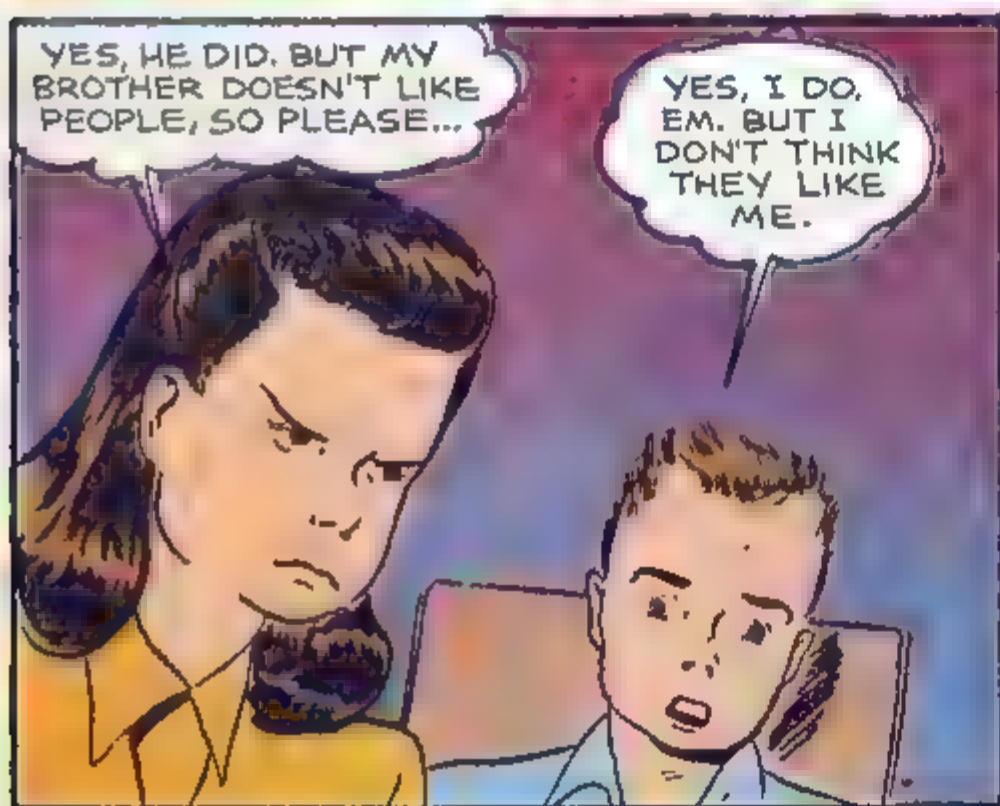
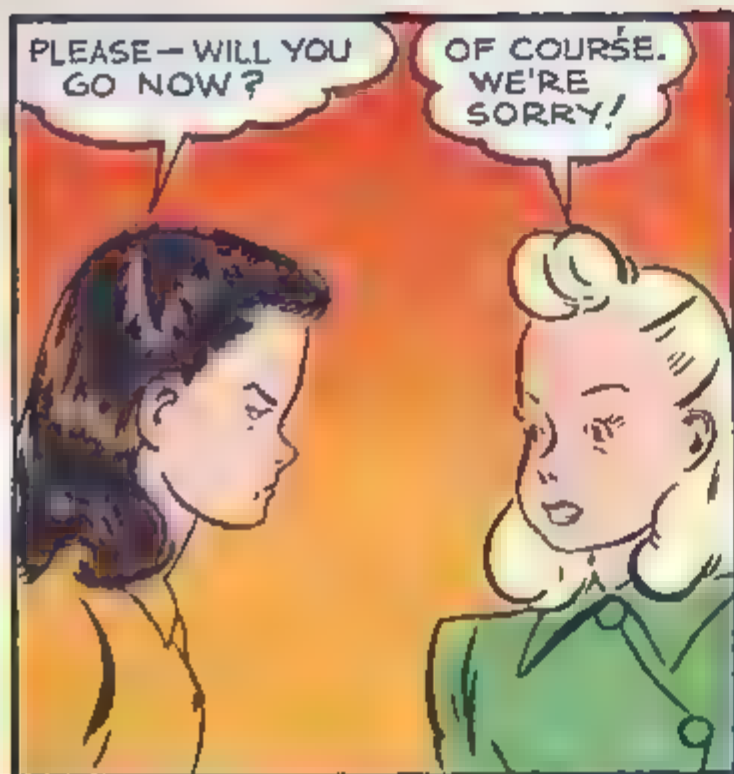
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8. What you should weigh.
9. Table of Average Weights.
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12. Does one have to exercise?
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14. Take care of your teeth.
15. How much sleep do you need?
16. She Walks in Beauty.
17. When is a girl smartly dressed? Knows her type—never overdressed—never unconscious of clothes—yet with certain verve and dash.
18. How to affect certain optical illusions to appear taller or shorter, thinner or rounder.
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22. The normal figure woman; how to select the most becoming clothes; What goes with what.
23. Building your wardrobe, plan—don't plunge. Building around what you need most, adding endless variety.
24. Accessories are important relating to several costumes.
25. Six rules for being well-groomed.
26. What men don't like in women's clothes or grooming.
27. How to achieve that well-dressed appearance that makes people notice you.

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28. How to meet people in cordial and poised manner—when to shake hands, what to say.
29. What a smile can do; laughter.
30. Adding interest to your voice.
31. Looking at other people with open mind.
32. Your troubles are your own; don't spread your woes.
33. The art of conversation. Don't be a longest talker, omit the terrible details; brevity still soul of wit.
34. Nothing duller than walking encyclopedia; insert own opinions and ideas; avoid useless chatter.
35. How to be interesting talker.
36. Listen with mind as well as ears.
37. Do people like you more as time goes on?
38. How to overcome shyness and self-consciousness.
39. How to develop physical and mental appeal.
40. Having a good time at a party.
41. When dining out, two or a crowd, formal or casual.
42. How are your telephone manners?
43. Write the sort of letters you would like to receive.
44. Shopping, pleasure or ordeal?
45. Manners and clothes of yesterday compared to those of today.
46. Don't be a martyr; out of fashion to enjoy poor health, or sacrifice life for children, parents, etc.
47. The wishy-washy dear is burden to herself and others; let people know your likes and dislikes.
48. How to handle the question of money matters.
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